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A Quarterly Journal of Fact and Opinion

Columbia University **FORUM**

The Britannica: Robert M. Hutchins and Harvey Einbinder

America's Irrelevant Newspapers: Arnold Reichman

Marrying in Haste in College: Margaret Mead

Snowing in America: Robert Leachman

Heroes and Books: Philip Murray

Columbia University

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A Quarterly Journal of Fact and Opinion

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LETTERS

Press took that has made its publication possible at all. Mr. Hamalian, if one reads closely, seems to be sympathetic to Grove Press; I wish that he had said that he was.

MARK SCHORER
Berkeley, California

How to dig The Method

● Mr. Hoffman's admirable article, "At the Grave of Stanislavsky," [Winter 1960] is the most penetrating and best argued evaluation of so-called Method acting I have read. I cannot imagine how anyone familiar with the theater could fail to find stimulation, indeed illumination, in this essay.

JOHN GASSNER
1924, Columbia College
1925 M.F.A., Graduate Faculties
Yale University, School of Drama
New Haven, Connecticut

● Coming from a country where The Method has not gone far enough, I was fascinated by the viewpoint of Mr. Hoffman, living in a country where it has conceivably gone too far.

KENNETH TYNAN
The New Yorker
New York, N. Y.

● [The article] reads like a deliberate and sour negation of much that has been accomplished [by The Method], written by someone who really has little understanding of the actual work accomplished . . .

Totally unimportant: *Hatful of Rain* has been reported as having been worked out by improvisations by actors at the Actors Studio. "Reported" is correct—actually this was . . . a publicity gimmick by the producer's office [and] publicity men. Actors are *en masse* notoriously bad writers. This is neither here nor there . . .

MICHAEL V. GAZZO
New York, N. Y.

● The statement which Theodore Hoffman attributes to Stanislavsky about *An Actor Prepares*—"Don't mention this book to me"—originated in an article Henry Schnitzler wrote in 1954 in the *American Quarterly Journal of Speech*. Here

Schnitzler stated that Vladimir Sokoloff, the well-known actor, had told him about a discussion he once had with Stanislavsky in which this statement was presumably made. The article was not brought to Sokoloff's attention until January 1959, when he wrote that had he seen it earlier, "I would have immediately and categorically objected in writing . . . to this coarse and misleading misquotation." As Mr. Sokoloff pointed out, the last time he had seen Stanislavsky was in 1934, two years before the publication in any language of *An Actor Prepares*. "Evidently Mr. Schnitzler didn't get at all the gist of my talk," Mr. Sokoloff added. The truth is, of course, that Stanislavsky continued to work on this book, approved the cuts made for its first publication, which was purposely the American one in 1936, and lived long enough to write in the flyleaf of an advance copy a glowing approval of the translation by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood.

ROBERT M. MACGREGOR
Theatre Arts Books
New York, N. Y.

Theodore Hoffman writes:

Mr. Sokoloff's disavowal can be accepted without rejecting the point of Mr. Schnitzler's excellent article or ignoring Mr. MacGregor's part in the misrepresentation of Stanislavsky in this country. Stanislavsky did deplore the interpretation of his writing as dogma. His American idolators have taken *An Actor Prepares*, a book published by Mr. MacGregor, about training actors, as a method of acting. Though ignorant of English, Stanislavsky may at one time have approved the Hapgood version, but before his death in 1938 he did drastically revise its content, triple its length, and retitle it: *Actor and Self: Personal Work in the Creative Process of Reliving*. Mr. MacGregor, however, seems disinclined to replace *An Actor Prepares* with Stanislavsky's final version, which many of us know in its German edition, titled *Das Geheimnis Des Schauspielers Erfolge*. Stanislavsky also expressed regret for his hastily written *My Life in Art*, still published by Mr. MacGregor. A most

The Chatterley Matter

● It was a pleasure to read so complete and exact an account of the history of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* ["The Lady Chatterley Spectacle," Winter 1960] and I hope that many readers will see it. I have one reservation about the article: when Mr. Hamalian comes to the publishing events of about a year ago, he throws up his stylistic hands in horror at the spectacle of all those reprint publishers rushing in and making their money, but it seems to me that he does not give Grove Press, which had taken the blow of the legal expense and the risk to its whole enterprise, the credit that it deserves. The fact is that Grove Press has made the least money (in relation to investment) of all the firms that are now publishing the book, yet it was the risk that Grove

illuminating English edition of his corrected, expanded, and definitive volume, published in Russia, is available through the Four Continent Book Store in New York. One might add that *Building A Character* is not a book, but only an arbitrary assemblage of Stanislavsky's notes for a projected second volume, plus an early draft of his essay on ethics.

Through Mrs. Hapgood's agreement with the Stanislavsky family, Mr. MacGregor apparently can prevent the publication of other editions. His own do sell; granted. But if he wishes to honor Stanislavsky let him give us the real thing, or permit someone else to do so before the Russians beat us to it.

Incidentally, I admire Stanislavsky and use him in my own theater work. Naturally, like all Stanislavskyites, I believe that I use him properly and that everyone else abuses him. Such, I suppose, are his *splendeurs et misères*.

Space, Science, Politics

● . . . In both [Antarctica and space] man now has an opportunity to establish desirable patterns and procedures before . . . governments and peoples [are committed] to hardened positions. To these problems and opportunities Professor Jessup ["International Law at World's End and Beyond," Winter 1960] brings a unique competence by virtue of his knowledge of law and diplomacy, his understanding of the scientific and technological interests and forces now at play, and his urbane synthesis of these two disparate areas of study.

HUGH ODISHAW
Executive Director
National Academy of Sciences
National Research Council
Washington, D.C.

Ideology in the West

● Mr. Bell ["The End of Ideology in the West," Winter 1960] evidently doesn't watch TV, or he would know about 'togetherness' and how to be 'sociable with Pepsi,' comfortable and prosperous. This is ideology, isn't it? Perhaps not equal

to life and liberty, but still, the pursuit of happiness . . . Unfortunately, these ideologies are getting us nowhere or worse. But the West does still have one great ideology—the Christian Faith . . .

HAROLD D. MENKEN
1914, Columbia College
Upperville, Virginia

● . . . Mr. Bell observes that "The fear of death, as Hobbes pointed out, is the source of conscience; the effort to avoid violent death is the source of law." Whether the source of the latter assertion is Hobbes or Bell, I cannot be certain; but of its truth I believe there can be serious doubt. In one of numerous reference works which Adam Smith "charged against the Funds" while he was Quæstor of Glasgow University, the origin of laws is about as exhaustively examined as it has ever been. The solid work in Jurisprudence, a field much favored by Smith, is *De l'Origine des Loix, Des Arts, et Des Sciences*, by Antoine Yves Goguet.

Pointing out that the partition of lands necessitated regulations to prevent usurpation, and that legislators in antiquity overlooked no precaution to this end, Goguet notes that they obliged everyone to place limits on his lands; and therefore, as far back as Genesis, the inviolability of land-marks can be traced. Moses also forbade removal of land-marks to the Israelites, and removal of them was prohibited in the time of Job, too. Homer, Virgil, and Numa are cited to the same effect. Any attempt to violate land-marks was punishable by death. "Even religion," Goguet adds, "was enlisted in support of an objective upon which the maintenance of society depends: men sought through fear of the Gods to restrain those whom human laws alone did not restrain." Thus, Agriculture gave birth to property, whose cultivation cost men so dearly in time and toil," Goguet concludes that "the division of land gave rise to Law (*Droit*) and Jurisprudence . . . Laws concerned with these matters form the most considerable section of the civil code." *Ergo*, while the certain prospect of death substrates many mortal drives,

it would be an exaggeration to claim "the effort to avoid violent death" specifically for the source of law.

ISABEL CARY-LUNDBERG
1947 M.A., Graduate Faculties
New York, N. Y.

The Britannica matter

● Bless Dr. Einbinder and you for the job you did on the *Britannica*. ["A Straight Look at the Encyclopaedia Britannica," Winter 1960.] Such frank talk was long overdue and confirms [my] personal experience. I finally got tired of the *Britannica's* dynamic salesmen dunning me on the phone for an opportunity to "sell" me. I told one to come ahead. At our session I told him I liked him personally but I wondered if his product was what it was cracked up to be. I stressed that the extra twenty cents or so a month that would get me a \$24 bookcase was of no interest; what did interest me was what the new edition had concerning the wonders of science that my 1941 edition did not have. I pointed out that the 1911 edition—and the 1955 edition—went directly from "Transformers" to "Transit Circles" . . . not a breath about Transistors. And no mention of Semiconductors either. We still have good old Falconry, but where's Fall-out? And so on. I suggested that he go back to his people and get some good arguments showing that today's science-minded person would find the *Britannica* up to date. Thereafter—silence.

The *Britannica* has a fine name, like Cadillac. But I guess some of the money that should go into a better encyclopaedia and writing rates higher than the two cents you mention goes into gee-whiz sales campaigns. And, of course, the *Britannica* is only one of the low-quality, high-promotion encyclopaedias.

WILLIAM GILMAN
New York, N.Y.

● The leopard, you know, cannot change its spots. Much the same thing was told of the Eleventh Edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, not only factually but acrimoniously, in Willard Huntington

Wright's *Misinforming a Nation*, published by B. W. Huebsch in 1917.

Though Wright's book was more of a protest against the insular attitude that credited everything possible to British science, literature, and the arts and neglected French, German, Italian, and American contributions, it nevertheless pointed to a singular lack of [rigorous] scholarship. At the end of the book appears a list of 200 notables on whom the *Britannica* did not deem it necessary to waste any space. This included . . . Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, Romain Rolland, George Santayana, Cezanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Rachmaninov, Ravel, Sibelius, Luther Burbank, Metchnikoff, Orville and Wilbur Wright.

There is no question but that the *Britannica* is a very useful adjunct to any library, but it must be subjected to searching examination and pitiless criticism from time to time to make certain that it is accurate, not only occasionally, but continuously—and that it does not change its address to Madison Avenue.

J. ENRIQUE ZANETTI
Professor Emeritus, Chemistry
Germantown, New York

The executive offices of the Encyclopaedia Britannica are at 342 Madison Avenue, New York. The Britannica's publishing offices are in Chicago.
—EDITOR

● The weaknesses of the institution that [Dr. Einbinder] attacks are not unknown to scholars and even to plain seekers after knowledge, but the venerable structure will continue to be revered because of the kind assistance of Madison Avenue and the public readiness to respond to snob appeal.

Those were delightfully devastating quotations!

B. W. HUEBSCH
The Viking Press
New York, N. Y.

● One thing in the article slightly puzzles me. It says (page 24) "after the flight of Napoleon from that city." What city? The only place I can find that has been previously

mentioned is Waterloo. I was in Waterloo in 1906 and at that time, and even more certainly in Napoleon's time, it could not by any stretch be called a city. And why, oh why, are so many people who ought to know better unable to spell the common noun "marshal" correctly? In the sentence already referred to I find "Field Marshall Blucher" (incidentally it should be "Blücher"). Or is the printer to blame? I am not sure . . .

CLIFFORD H. BISSELL
1911, Law
Berkeley, California

● . . . There's no accounting for encyclopedists. One of the best such American works of the nineteenth century was Appleton's *Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, very well edited by James Grant Wilson and John Fiske. Yet somebody slipped through their careful hands the detailed biographies of fourteen botanists who never lived . . . Most of them were attributed to the eighteenth century, none of them were "born" in the western hemisphere, and their mythical deaths occurred in widely scattered places. Each was listed as the author of important but nonexistent texts; some appeared as authors of works in several volumes. It was one of the great hoaxes of scholarship.

In the *Journal of the New York Botanical Garden* for September 1919, Dr. John H. Barnhart accomplished an exposure of the fakes which in itself is a triumph of research. The late editor of *The New York Sun*, Frank M. O'Brien, brought the case to public notice in our time, in a long letter to the *New Yorker* of May 2, 1936 . . . The nameless writer who had done his work so well—at space rates—was able to fool two of the best encyclopaedia editors of that day. Appleton's [*Cyclopaedia*] appeared in 1886 in six volumes, and remains one of the useful tools of biographical research for information on many persons not ordinarily included in encyclopedias. Most of the historical articles were done by scholars, but in numerous special fields—botany included—obscure journalists of the period were contributors, including

a highly imaginative [one].

CLAYTON HOAGLAND
Rutherford, New Jersey

● It is, of course, within the right of so well informed a man as Harvey Einbinder to derogate the importance of Orestes Augustus Brownson, as he does . . . though in this case he is, I think, in disagreement with most students of the history of American thought. Is it too much to ask, however, that this critic of factual correctness in the *Britannica* take a second look at the article on Brownson and spell that worthy's name correctly?

FRANK LUTHER MOTT
1919 M.A., Graduate Faculties
1928 Ph.D., Graduate Faculties
Dean, School of Journalism
University of Missouri

● . . . A brilliant piece of criticism and incisive and (with one exception, but what an exception!) literate writing. He has expressed my long but inarticulate discontent with a product which for some time has been living on the reputation of a famous brand.

But, please, have another look toward the end of the first column on page 22. I know this happens all the time—but pray, did it have to happen in the pages of the COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FORUM?

WERNER B. ELLINGER
1940, School of Library Service
Alexandria, Virginia
Both Mr. Mott and Mr. Ellinger score. The FORUM incorrectly printed the name of Brownson as Brownston, and the passage remarked on by Mr. Ellinger cited the "current autobiographical notice on Ruskin" in the Britannica, although all encyclopedias would agree that Ruskin never wrote for the Britannica and is, furthermore, dead. Readers will recognize, by the way, that Mr. Mott is a thorough reader of magazines, being the author of A History of American Magazines. For quite different objections to "A Straight Look at the Encyclopaedia Britannica," made by Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, chairman of the Britannica's board of editors, and for a reply by Dr. Harvey Einbinder, turn to page 40.
—EDITOR

by ARNOLD BEICHMAN

AMERICA'S IRRELEVANT NEWSPAPERS

"Robed in virtue, solemnized by the Constitution,
fat, rich, hubristic"—and as out of touch
with the large real world as their
operating methods are old; a report on our newspapers.

"Everywhere today men are conscious that somehow they must deal with questions more intricate than any that church or schools had prepared them to understand. Increasingly they know that they cannot understand them if the facts are not quickly and steadily available. Increasingly they are baffled because the facts are not available; and they are wondering whether government by consent can survive in a time when the manufacture of consent is an unregulated private enterprise. For in an exact sense the present crisis of western democracy is a crisis in journalism."

So wrote Walter Lippmann four decades ago. And so one might write today. For nothing is more obvious each day than that American newspapers, with a few honorable exceptions, are either incapable, or unwilling, or both, to tell their readers what they need to know about what is happening in the world.

Since this is a technical essay on the state of American journalism, I will define the story

our newspapers are not covering as being that news subsumed under the heading International Affairs.

My charge? Not only mine: newspaper trade magazines, conventions of editors and publishers are full of self-accusatory speeches, confessions of difficulty and incompetence in covering the news. Newspaper people will acknowledge privately, and some will even say publicly, that they would like to do better but everything is against them—rising production costs, union featherbedding, indifferent readers, television, complicated news events. And isn't the American press better than the British or the French? These apologies come at a time when the total combined U.S. daily newspaper circulation is at a new high—58 million. They must, of course, be weighed against the premise that a newspaper's first job is to keep its readers informed about what is happening in city and town, in the state, the nation and the world. In the United States, the Alsop brothers have written,

the national debate cannot be and is not carried on within the government . . . Hence sheer force of circumstances has made the American press the only forum in which our national debate is carried on.

Yet my files are full of statements by responsible editors and by school of journalism professors who say that American newspapers are not keeping their readers informed, that they have lost their desire to cover the news. Few critics, however, discuss the real villain—the publisher. With him I will deal later. He has become, in this era of the anti-novel, anti-drama and anti-philosophy, the creator of the anti-newspaper.

As I have said, there are a few exceptional newspapers. *The New York Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor* come first to mind among the handful of those sprinkled throughout the country that are notably exempt from the charge of inadequate foreign reporting, and, to some extent, from the charge of inadequate interpretation of the news. While I do not share the general prideful assumption that in such a paper as the *Times* we have achieved an example of the best a newspaper can do in educating the public, there is no doubt that compared to other newspapers *The New York Times* looms as a gigantic journalistic accomplishment. Nor can we disregard some of the large commercial magazines, which do a good job of specialized foreign news coverage. We are considering here only the vast majority of the 1,755 daily newspapers in America which, day after day, ignore in their news columns events that affect the lives and fortunes of us all.

It is no "conspiracy" that keeps foreign news out of our papers. But the fact is that there are perhaps only a half-dozen American newspapers which have their own permanent overseas news bureaus. Those of us who live in large cities take it for granted that maintenance of its own overseas news service is a common thing for any sizable newspaper. On the contrary, it is a rare thing. But some of the large competent newspapers with foreign news services do sell their newsfile to all comers; therefore, where a local newspaper fails to give readers this coverage, something other than inability to supply its own foreign correspondence is involved. As it is,

most foreign news in these local dailies comes from the Associated Press and United Press International.

One way or another, then, we should be assured that the daily newspapers lacking correspondents abroad have some sound source of information; but—and it is not a comfortable thing to say—what is not generally realized is that many correspondents for these large news agencies not only lack knowledge of the language and culture of the countries they are covering, but, even more unhappily, seem as deficient in political understanding as they are in intellectual curiosity. They have a misplaced contempt for what are called "ideological stories" and almost unanimously feel that the desk back home isn't really interested in what they file anyway, so long as they file it before deadline.

To a large extent the reason the newspaper business is so full of mediocrities is because the best of our reporters and editors are going to more lucrative and perhaps even more satisfying areas of the communication industries. "Newspaper work has become more and more frustrating to the intelligent person," said Professor Jacob Scher of Northwestern's School of Journalism not long ago. Dr. Henry Ladd Smith of the University of Washington reported recently that the chief reason given by newspapermen for leaving the industry was "lack of pride in the job."

Of course, there are foreign correspondents who are exceptions to my charges. I have met them and worked with them. But the overwhelming majority should be covering a police beat or the local courthouse, where the issues may be, if not less complicated, at least within their competence. The fact that they are abroad is not even their fault but the responsibility of the home office that assigned them to a world not quite the image of romance and adventure they had dreamed of.

The American correspondent—and I must interpose here that many correspondents for the news agencies are locally-hired nationals and not American at all—is frequently a youngster with little training for his crucial job. He is underpaid, not well-educated, not well-read, and his superiors, instead of supervising him, must concern themselves far more with the costs and business of newspapers.

Some time ago I came to the capital city of country X to do some reporting. There I met an American correspondent who had just been called from his home office in another country, Y, to spell an associate covering a minor "summit" conference far from the capital of X. My friend had been in town for two days, no more. He had not been anywhere near the "summit" conference; all he knew about it came from the official non-communicating communiques that his associate phoned in each day from the scene of action. My friend was busy typing when I dropped into the office to go to dinner with him. When he had finished, he showed me his copy with a what-do-you-think-of-it shrug. Headquarters had asked for an "overnight" on the meaning of the conference, an "interpretive" 800 words. He had been in country X once before, he was a virtual stranger both to the land and the story. If there was a "score" to know, he did not and could not know it.

I read his three typewritten pages with their obscurantist clichés—"informed sources," "official circles," "highly-placed diplomats," "it is believed"—and I shrugged, too. What could one say? Again, it was not his fault; his superiors wanted an "overnight." I thought of millions of readers who would the next morning be reading—or skipping—these absurdities radioed across an ocean, "edited," set into type, placed in a form, cast, printed at 30,000 papers an hour, rushed by train, plane and truck to appear as "news"—and *first*, ahead of the "competition." It would be unfair to give more details about this episode but everyone in the newspaper business knows that this kind of idiocy is perpetrated all the time, night and day; but since such stories carry a foreign date-line, since desk editors know even less about what is happening overseas than does the writer, since edition time is approaching fast . . .

But certain responsibilities in all this lie with the correspondent himself. Twelve years ago I was at a party with three well-known foreign correspondents. A guest, a recent arrival from Europe, spoke of forced labor camps in the Soviet Union, estimating that there were probably 10 million or more slaves in that country. His revelation was hostilely received by the three correspondents, one of whom had even served in

Moscow. Not that they were remotely fellow-travelers; on the contrary. They were demonstrating the contempt of the "professional" newspaperman for "unprovable stories." It turned out five years later, of course, that a special United Nations commission found the charges of Soviet forced labor quite correct. In part, such "professional," "expert" contempt is the attitude Jacques Barzun ascribes to journalists in *The House of Intellect*—"derisive, suspicious, faintly hostile . . . the democratic ego when faced with Intellect."

Worst of all, a news agency bureau chief is likely to be a salesman. He is probably half a working correspondent. His job is to sell the news and photo service to the newspapers of the country or area to which he is assigned. As a part-time newspaperman, he has little time to meet anybody but government officials or local publishers. George Weller, a veteran correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News* (a conscientious newspaper in foreign reporting), recently said:

One of the practices most menacing to a reporter's objectivity is the current demand that an agency reporter sell the service to local papers as well as report. Naturally, if an agency correspondent has to stay in well with the business community—and in foreign countries publishers represent the political parties as well as purely business interests—he cannot do a full-time job as a correspondent.

A bureau chief who affronts a customer—it could even be some Communist daily—with an unflattering news story may lose that customer to another news service. The real victim is likely to be the reader whose newspaper depends for its foreign news coverage upon a news agency whose correspondents are salesmen.

When it comes to reporting the news from totalitarian countries, with their varying but equally effective means of controlling news outflow, we confront a situation of a somewhat different sort. Surely journalistic incompetence or lack of courage are to blame when American newspapers allow themselves to publish Soviet propaganda as news. Back in 1950 and before, the news from Moscow that Americans read came from four correspondents—three of whom had wives who were Russian citizens. This revelation is not made by a die-hard endogamist;

but there was every certainty that so long as Stalin lived, these wives (and in one case, children) would never be allowed to leave the Soviet Union with their American husbands. I say with all compassion and no criticism of these men that they did the best jobs they could under vile circumstances. Our news about Russia for several crucial years came, then, from correspondents who knew that one misstep could mean expulsion from the USSR and separation from their families—forever, as far as anyone could foretell.

Is Moscow news any truer today? The Associated Press itself, at year's end, reported that "... movement of foreign newsmen and their access to information are severely restricted. Their copy has to be submitted in advance to the censor, whether telephoned, cabled, or mailed. The relaxation since Stalin died in 1953 has been only in the degree of toughness in applying the blue pencil."

And yet despite this, American newspapers—the best of them—print news from the Soviet Union without informing their readers that it comes from a country with ironclad censorship, from a country which expels those correspondents it deems "provocative," (or punishes their employers, as in the case of the Columbia Broadcasting System), or refuses for no stated reason to allow correspondents into the country. Is it not absurd that, as far as the average reader is concerned, a Moscow dateline is equatable with one from Paris, London, Bonn or Tokyo, where communication is free and correspondents are not to be intimidated? Any correspondent in Moscow will confirm that worse than the visible censorship is the self-censorship he learns. One reporter who spent several years in Moscow told me there were—by democratic standards—perfectly legitimate stories one couldn't touch without certain reprisal and probable expulsion.

Might not our newspapers at least offer a caveat to the reader—"this story comes from a country with government censorship"—when they publish a story datelined Moscow or any other capital with government censorship? For many years now, our news out of Russia has been limited to what Moscow says is news. Needless to say, since news is a salable commodity and since no newspaper or press agency could prosper without a regular file from the Soviet Union, Premier Khrushchev counts upon co-

operation.

I have devoted this space to American coverage of the USSR to delineate another part of the problem we are concerned with: the unsophistication of those who manage the American press when they become involved in the mystery of foreign news, particularly the "news" from Moscow.

Let us be quite clear. Not all foreign news lends itself to simple writing; much of it is dull by any standard and fantastically complicated—disarmament negotiations in Geneva, the Outer Seven and the Inner Six, nuclear tests, the non-war in Laos—even, in an immediate sense, inconsequential. And so much foreign news, even when it is presumably easy to understand, is contradictory. William H. Stringer, of the *Christian Science Monitor*, last year gave some examples: one day President Eisenhower said America would not fight a ground war in Europe; ten days later, the Secretary of Defense said America would fight with everything "including ground troops if war broke out in Europe." Bonn dispatches reported Chancellor Adenauer was alarmed over Prime Minister Macmillan's policies; one week earlier, dispatches from Bonn had reported that the two statesmen had achieved an identity of views.

In short, much of what passes for foreign news may be utterly inexplicable even to the most senior member of the Council on Foreign Relations. Headlines with proper names that mean nothing—MAGSAYSAY IN RING AGAINST QUIRINO—copy that reads like the woolly foreign office communique from which it was rewritten in lifeless, derivative cant by a disillusioned, dysenteric youth in some corner of a foreign field.

That in this jungle only our best newspapers can even begin to do a proper job of public instruction is understandable. And that the average newspaper should bog down before the vast demands made on it by present world affairs is also understandable. What is grievous is that so little effort is made to mitigate a difficult situation. In the average American newspaper there is no continuity in publishing a running foreign story. A report from London may appear on a Monday, drop out of sight on Tuesday and Wednesday for lack of space (although the news

agencies are still dutifully reporting), reappear on Thursday, but by now be a mystery since what went on in the interim was never published. The result is not unlike a badly-cut movie re-cut to fit the exigencies of the television late show commercials.

That is why the publishers' alibi, based on tendentious surveys, is unacceptable: that the reader just "isn't interested" in foreign news. I have read enough newspapers west of the Hudson to say: neither *am I* interested in what passes for foreign news in the average newspaper. Foreign news is normally treated as filler to surround department-store advertising. The heavy page one "play" is about the name of Queen Elizabeth's new princeling. So the reader who wants to learn something serious takes the Sunday edition of *The New York Times*, or the *Monitor*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *U.S. News and World Report*.

In 1957, Dean Edward Barrett of the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism took an optimistic view of the American press.

There has been a reduction in the number of newspapers, but no reduction in their responsibility. And they are meeting that responsibility better than fifteen years ago.

Two years later, his optimism had changed to pessimism:

Obviously, an enormous responsibility falls on journalism. Yet, with notable exceptions, journalism is falling short of meeting that responsibility . . . On balance, this nation has a press that is better than any other in the world and a public that is as well informed as any in the world. In too many American cities, however, the only newspaper is mediocre at best; radio news is available chiefly in an endless repetition of five-minute capsules [only three-minute without the commercials—A.B.] and television news is often non-existent at normal evening listening hours. The thoughtful citizen who seeks to be reasonably informed must make extraordinary efforts to [be] so.

Who then is at fault? It is not the correspondent, not the editor, not the reader. It is the publisher, who decides policy, and I can only recall William Allen White's epitaph in 1925 to the late Frank Munsey, the publisher who bought, sold and destroyed newspapers as if they had been grocery stores:

Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the talent of a meat packer, the morals of a money changer, and the manners of an under-

taker. He and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once-noble profession into an eight per cent security.

May he rest in trust.

If this is too pungent for contemporary application, I suggest that the American newspaper publisher—like Dean Barrett I make the notable exceptions—at best is sadly ignorant of what is happening in America. Wilbur E. Elston, of the *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*, recently wrote:

Newspapers will have to publish more news of interest to educated people simply because a larger share of the population will be well educated. There will have to be greater emphasis on national and international news of a serious nature simply because our shrinking world makes foreign news into local news.

Again, I do not want to be overly simple and say that the reason for this extraordinary dereliction of the American newspaper publisher is money, the profit motive. James S. Pope, executive editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, said a few years ago:

I know of publishers, honorable men, who cast out of their shop patently dishonest advertising, yet their front pages are a mass of dishonest eight-column streamers every day.

If publishers want foreign news by their own correspondents, they can have it economically. All their moaning about costly cable and telephone tolls is nonsense: with the arrival of the jet and an invention known as air-express, it is no feat to send fresh copy overnight from Europe. Three or four newspapers can easily pool enough money to hire a capable correspondent for overseas assignment to do thoughtful, interpretive stories and the only transmission costs will be in airmail postage stamps. News agencies can do the expensive cabling and phoning necessary to reporting specific events. But there is so much nonsense to overcome—the clichés of hard versus soft news, spot news, the hot lead, "keep it short," the "anybody-can-do-anything" philosophy of journalism.

Every profession accretes to itself over the years habits of mind that it does not examine, though without such examination it cannot serve the changing times. This is as true of journalism as it is of medicine and law. What may seem venality at worst and naivete at best can in large part be ascribed to the encrustation of habit and

"tradition." To be fair, I would point out that a growing number of newspapers are purchasing *The New York Times* news service; it is possible that by this "blockbooking" technique, foreign news just may be sneaking into newspapers.

But how is foreign news commonly conceived? A foreign editor of long experience put it this way to me:

The foreign correspondent covers what he and his editor think is news—politics, so-called. Their minds are slanted to what they think is the story—politics. Actually, they never cover the country, its culture, music, theatre, its science, the ethos of a people. Unless it's a Sputnik or a Sahara explosion, it's no story, and the result is, they don't cover a country or its ideas—just 'politics'; and, of course, it isn't even politics.

But there's a big difference covering State or local politics where the reader has some idea of the situation—it might affect his sewer-tax. There's initial interest, familiarity of local names. But who were Djilas, Gomulka, Kozlov, or who were Fidel Castro or Che Guevara a year ago—new names are sprung on people. Of course the reader isn't interested in such foreign news—he hasn't been given the background.

The reader is much maligned and it is the local publisher who maligns him. Perhaps the newspaperman who said that "the American publisher is quite aware of the fact that you can make more money putting out a bad paper than you can a good one" was too harsh; but most publishers do firmly believe that their readers are interested in little beside Gasoline Alley. In this, I must say, the publisher has some distinguished support. So outstanding an American as Adlai Stevenson said after 1956 that among the things he regretted in his Presidential campaign was that "he did not lay more stress on foreign affairs."

"But despite his own feeling that present American foreign policy is heading toward disaster," wrote John B. Oakes in *The New York Times*, "his advisers maintained during the campaign that there wasn't much 'mileage' in foreign affairs, and little interest in the subject except for the word 'peace' . . ." It will be recalled that at the climax of the 1956 campaign, there was Hungary and there was Suez. If such a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* agreed there is little "mileage" politically in foreign affairs, perhaps a publisher may be forgiven a similar refusal to take risks. But a pub-

lisher, by definition, is not a politician, and a newspaper must necessarily have a higher moral commitment than a political party.

To a great extent, the problem of the American press is its extraordinary immunity from responsible, non-professional criticism. Virtually every American institution has at one time or other been attacked—justifiably, savagely, unfairly, but attacked—by the press. Schools and colleges, church, labor, politicians, diplomats, television, radio and Hollywood, business and finance, eggheads, the theater and books—no American institution is immune from press criticism except the press. Newspapers hire drama, music, television and radio and book reviewers, editorial writers, labor writers, education editors—to criticize the product, the output, the resolutions, the conventions, the performance. But who ever does or is doing a continuing press critique in and about the daily newspaper?

The American intellectual is particularly at fault here. Those who write widely fret about manners and culture, literature and art, but show no *angst* about the newspaper and what it has become. How many intellectuals in recent years have studied or written seriously about the American press as a noble or ignoble part of our culture? The American intellectual reads a "good" paper like *The New York Times* or the *Herald Tribune* or a British weekly like the *Observer* or *New Statesman* as a virtuous response to what he considers social duty. But by and large the press is written off and ignored. And when there is silence about so important a force in American culture, is it any wonder that we lack cogent, serious debate among first-rate versatile minds about such twentieth-century phenomena as the one-party state, anti-colonialism, the meaning of economics, religion, trade unions, cultural exchanges, summitry?

I do not suggest that a particularly mordant essay in *Partisan Review* would necessarily induce a wave of remorse among the lower ranks of the Ohio Publishers Association or inspire a bureau chief in Ankara to "probe too deeply" into the internal affairs of Turkey. However, I would say that when the taste-makers and opinion-makers allow the intellectual disintegration of the American newspaper to take

place, as it has taken place for at least fifteen years, without some seriously exhibited concern, then there is little we can expect of American newspapers but that they will get still worse.

The unchallenged sacerdotalism of the American publisher is as much responsible for the disappearance of foreign news in our press as it is for the newspaper's stagnation and monotony. Each year, papers die and competition disappears. (In 1910, for a population of 92 million, there were 2,600 U.S. daily newspapers. In 1960, for a population of more than 175 million, there are 1,755 papers.) In more than 90 per cent of American cities where dailies are published, there is no competition and no one will say that the lone surviving paper in a city has perceptibly improved now that it is blessed with all the local and national advertising.

Robed in virtue, solemnized by having been written into the Constitution as a child of momentous privilege, fat, rich and hubristic, the American publisher has long forgotten that he is not—first—a businessman. As Jefferson put it, "When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself a public property." Not every publisher can be an Arthur Hays Sulzberger and not every editor can be an Erwin Canham, who believe that newspapers must devote their pages to reporting the news. And reporting it intelligently, informedly, fully, regularly. But how many publishers and editors are even making the attempt?

In raising these criticisms, I am aware of certain dangers should American publishers seek to "reform" their ways. William Barrett, in his excellent book *Irrational Man*, writes:

The more competent and streamlined journalism becomes, the greater its threat to the public mind—particularly in a country like the United States. It becomes more and more difficult to distinguish the secondhand from the real thing, until most people end by forgetting there is such a distinction.

Or as Socrates, in his parable of the Cave, says: "The truth would be literally nothing but the shadows of the images."

I realize that I am touching on much larger issues here than foreign news or daily newspapers. Our crisis comprehends many sectors of existence and one of them is the meaning of

language and its debasement. "A common tradition, law, faith, and authority alone," writes Denis de Rougemont in *The Devil's Share*, "are capable of defining the meaning of what we call current words. But all these things have disappeared in our century. Then the words that circulate everywhere lead nowhere. Our language is out of gear. The more we speak the less we understand one another."

And yet it is a sad irony that newspapers, whose only implement, words, is even older than the wheel, should contribute so forcefully to this destruction of meaning and thus to their own growing obsolescence. It is sad to contemplate that once there was a publisher named Joseph Pulitzer who could say, without false piety:

Our republic and its press will rise or fall together. An able, disinterested, public-spirited press, with trained intelligence to know the right and the courage to do it, can preserve that public virtue without which public government is a sham and a mockery.

How many American publishers can say that they believe and live by so exalted an ambition? Freedom of the press means freedom of the people to have a press which prints news; it does not mean the freedom to print only a daily Sears Roebuck catalogue. I suggest that the moment for candor and decision has arrived for America's now-irrelevant newspapers. But I fear that they have wandered so far from the ideals they still flaunt that we have little reason to expect they will do much more than add another editorial page columnist, "beef up" the school news, and expel the office bookmaker from the City Room. While these may be useful secular changes, I doubt they will do. American newspapers, like the mastodon and the saber-toothed tiger, are on the way out, and when they go, in the apocalyptic chant of Tom Lehrer, "We will all go together."

Arnold Beichman has, in the course of a long career, reported in *The New York Times*, *The New York Post*, *The Reporter*, *Newsday*, *The New Republic*, and *Newsweek* and has been an editor for PM. Now a special correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, he has reported from virtually every major city in the world; in 1957 he was the first American reporter to live with and write about the Algerian rebels. He is an alumnus of the Columbia College Class of 1934.

HEROES

AND

BOOKS

by PHILIP MURRAY

REFLECTIONS ON QUENTIN DURWARD

*... it is sense, firmness, and gallantry
which have put him in possession of
Wealth, Rank, and Beauty!*

SIR WALTER SCOTT

You may not, Good Reader,
Contest Romantic decisions
Though you may condemn them.
If you bring Life itself
As your refutation, consider
In these contrived circumstances
How out of context Life is.

Be content not to be duped
Into envying the Hero
His riches, station, his stout heart,
Nor even his beautiful Countess.
We who may not dispute
The rewards of virtue
Can at least attest
The virtue of rewards is dubious.

REFLECTIONS ON LORD JIM

Tell all the truth but tell it slant.
EMILY DICKINSON

The intricate play of dim lights
Upon shadowy events will never
Fully reveal a hero, who may,
After all, prove to be a coward
If he is rudely exposed at once.

Proceed, therefore, with tact;
The effigy of his ideal is as
Sensitive as the living man
Convicting himself. Let the hero
Speak, but do not question him.

If he is possessed by a coward
They will have a single voice
Insisting to be heard out,
Incoherent, breaking down
Under visible mental anguish.

Listen patiently; to judge
His position is to simplify it
Unfairly; to find him guilty
Is to indulge his obsession;
To acquit him is to presume
Authority he can not grant.

Understanding—you may offer this,
Though he is too proud to be grateful.
He must die, and you must let him;
It is the only sacrifice
Ambiguous men can make
For self-redemption.

In all that darkness, somewhere,
Honor is a torch. Light it for him.

AVE, R. L. S.
(A LETTER FROM MEXICO)

Philip Murray received his Master's degree from Columbia University and is an instructor at Hofstra College. He has been published in The Atlantic, The New Yorker, and Poetry magazines and is preparing his first book of poetry.

To be virtuous and incompetent is a hard lot.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I

If that were the problem, Louis, you were right;
To play Orsino every day in Francis the First clothes
Heavy with gold and splendid stage jewelry—
But these were amateur theatricals to be outgrown.
How you would have loved *Peter Pan*.
"What fun we could have, if we were all well."
Sir, we are all sick one way or another,
And we are all boys under our beards,
Living on epigrams and images;
Except that ambition eggs us and death duns us.
(I write as one venal Scot to another.)
You wish somewhere that life were an opera—
Ah, your mustachioed tenor voice, your fustian shadow
Breaking in tears over the dying music, the dead soprano!

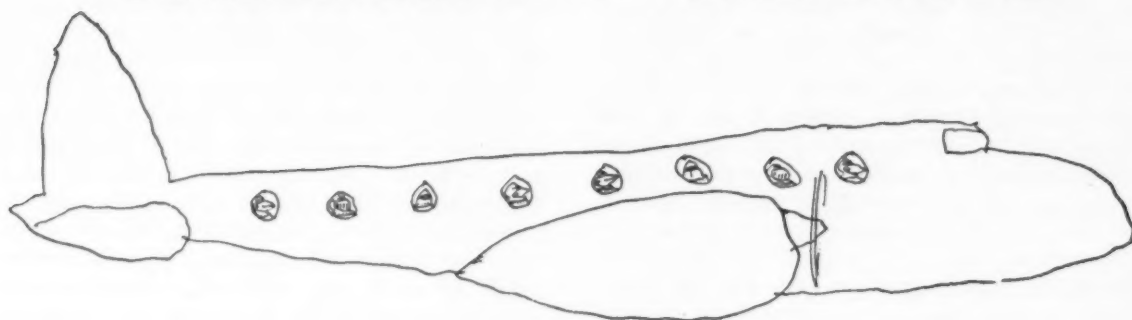
II

On the jungle lagoon, where the frightened herons flee,
We ask the bronze boy in the stern
"What would you give to hear the Sirens sing?"
He smiles thinking he understands,
But Death is only a crocodile, and they are rare.
He is saved, if not safe, in any case;
His natural grace, gracefulness, saves him,
Fleet in the water, sure-footed on rocks.
Mean dexterity serves him better than Philosophy,
Morality is something simpler, even, than kindness.
The thoughtless crippled duck which cannot fly
Dives beneath the water when our launch goes by.
Later we see his dancing in our wake,
The careless merriment of one unsaved, but safe.

III

In the bay yesterday there was a sloop,
The *Ave de Tahiti*. It was gone today,
Westward, I trust, where we are all going,
In spite of all our verses carved in brass.
Images cannot save us, but they help.
You have given us one, Sir, that will last:
The Lantern Bearers—those scrawny adolescent boys
With their lewd stories and furtive cigarettes
Secretly met upon the windy dunes at night,
Whispering above the thrashing waves, below the squalling clouds,
And under each thick greatcoat, a little light hidden
Against all Scotch weather and immense darkness.
It is a task to keep those lanterns burning,
But while they flicker, we are safe and saved.

THE NEW CHILDREN'S CRUSADE



or Going to Jerusalem on a Grant

by **HANS ROSENHAUPT**

"I have traveled a good deal in Concord," said the stationary pilgrim Henry Thoreau. Today his descendants move from country to country instead, some seeking wisdom, some seeking academic credit, some only fun. Indeed, a latter day Children's Crusade is upon us. No crusaders are sold into slavery, but nobody can say whether any will reach Jerusalem.

To be sure, travel is fast and easy, money is plentiful and everything is being organized in this most organized of all possible worlds; but what does all the motion prove except dissatisfaction with Concord? Does anyone even know which way Jerusalem? Those of us who are apprehensive over the future of international peace take heart from the graphs on travel abroad, which, like all good little American graphs, rise every year. We are cheered because not only high school and college students, teachers and tourists, flit about to "broaden their outlooks," but so also do such sterling sorts as farmers and

engineers, soldiers and clergymen, congressmen, even heads of state. We exult because Russia has recently let in students from the West and has let out a few of her own.

On the other hand, for a number of reasons, the academic community's feelings toward all the moving about are mixed. "It is like a Children's Crusade all right," the dean says; "they're off to Paris and Padua, studying folk dancing in Sweden or dairying in Switzerland, or just wasting God's time in Venice and Vienna. But who is watching the shop?" Not only is the dean bothered because valuable people have left; he is also irked because their places have been taken by students from abroad who cause headaches. Occasionally, at a metropolitan university, his irritation turns into exasperation because a stream of foreign academic and non-academic visitors keeps interrupting his work.

What is the magnitude of this academic migration? Who are the wandering scholars and for what reasons do they roam? Are we, individually

and through our government, doing enough, too much, or too little about them? Twenty-five years ago I arrived here as a foreign student, and I have asked myself these questions ever since.

First of all, is it really a mass movement? At first blush, the figures on American students and professors going abroad and on foreign scholars and students coming to the United States are impressive. The annual *Open Doors* of the Institute of International Education shows a steady growth of student exchanges; in 1957-58, over 10,000 American college students were reported abroad, and over 1,800 professors. The figure for faculty may be accurate, but there must be more than 10,000 American students overseas—not reported by the foreign institutions or not registered anywhere. The number of Americans going abroad every year is one and one-half million, three times as many as ten years ago; it is a good guess that at least 50,000 of these are students, abroad for an extended stay or for the summer only.

The foreign scholars and students visiting our country on whom statistics have been kept amount to almost 50,000: nearly twenty per cent come from Europe, over ten per cent are Canadians, almost ten per cent are Chinese; other large contingents are from India, Korea, Japan, Iran, the Philippines and Cuba. On a few American campuses, such as Yale, Chicago or Cornell, foreign students account for about six per cent of the entire student body; the largest ratio—12.4 per cent—is reported at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Such general statistics inebriate those who consider sending American students abroad and having foreign students here a "good" thing. Look at the figures soberly. Over 98 per cent of students on American campuses are *not* foreigners, and only one-third of one per cent of all American students have been reported studying abroad. The word massive is fashionable these days, but there's nothing massive about the present exchange of students, here or in the rest of the world, much newsprint to the contrary notwithstanding.

In fact, the impression of massiveness is largely created by the volume of printed matter

dedicated to the topic. UNESCO gets out a trilingual 750-page tome listing international fellowships, and including a listing of the Annual New Zealand Society of Accountants Travelling Scholarship. A recent book, in over 300 pages, records 382 international programs in which American universities participate. It includes the Indian Steel Training and Educational Program for 200 Indian engineers, called IN STEP (of course), and the equally imposing overseas offerings of the University of Maryland, which as of two years ago had served a total of 70,000 students. But many pages report only programs as modest as that of Westminster College, which sends a graduate student to a college in Rawalpindi, Pakistan, as a short term teacher, once every three years. If, for every page of print dedicated to the foreign student or the American student going abroad, we actually had a foreign student here or an American student going overseas, there would thrive as massive an exchange of students as many wish for.

The quite confusing variety of migratory academic birds can be roughly subdivided into three main species: Scholars, Voyageurs, and Rubberneckers. Count in the first category all foreign professors who come here to research or teach, and American scholars going abroad for the same purposes. From my own experience in reading "intellectual autobiographies" of Woodrow Wilson fellowship candidates, I can report that many brilliant American students mention the great influence exerted by visiting teachers from foreign countries, especially on small campuses. Often the foreign Scholar is more illustrious than his American colleagues; if he weren't, he wouldn't have been invited. Furthermore, unlike his American colleague, he knows that his days are numbered and does not care whether he conforms to prevailing academic prejudice; he is thus freer than his American counterpart to be original and stimulating. The American who studies and teaches abroad may be a distinguished savant supported by a Guggenheim, Ford, Fulbright, Rockefeller or any number of other prestigious fellowships, enjoying his relative freedom; he may be a St. Paul preaching the American way of life or tractor maintenance to the barbarians; he may

just be tired.

Most remarkable about him is the fact that unlike academic travelers thirty or fifty years ago, he is not himself paying for the trip. Even if he is on sabbatical leave, as many are, somebody—his own college, the government, or a foundation—is probably helping. Irwin Edman, in *Philosopher's Holiday*, makes fun of the professor's hunger for the exotic: "If, for example, one were lecturing in Timbuktu or conducting a seminar in Somaliland, students would be different and perhaps one would think of new things to say, or even think of new things." Often the traveler discovers—as did Mr. Edman when a Sudanese student confided in him—that Jerusalem resembles Concord; or he finds, as did Kipling, how they differ: "What should they know of England who only England know?" He may come back more critical of and more sophisticated about America, but at the same time his affection has deepened.

The younger Scholar may leave his native country because the right professor is abroad. Master Abelard at Paris, Duns Scotus at Oxford, Albertus Magnus at Cologne in ages past; and in our time Schrödinger and Planck at Berlin, Barth at Basel, Carl Jung in Zurich, Croce and Berenson in Italy, Yukawa in Japan, Tiselius in Sweden, Houssay in Argentina, and Sir Alexander Fleming and C. S. Lewis in England. Johann Sebastian Bach, at the age of twenty, walked more than 200 miles to hear Buxtehude play at Lübeck. Beethoven went to Vienna for Haydn. Bach, incidentally, followed a well-known pattern when he stayed twice as long as planned and almost lost his job for it. Thirteen centuries before Bach and Beethoven, the university at Nalanda in India attracted foreign scholars, and in 639 A.D. the Chinese emperor T'ai Tsung started an institution which was attended by "barbarian peoples" as well; during the Middle Ages and later, students from all over Europe went to Rome, to Bologna and Salerno, to Orleans and Paris. In the nineteenth century, American students received their medical training in Leyden, Edinburgh, and London, and later in Paris, Munich and Vienna; and the German Ph.D. still hangs around our collective graduate necks.

Today the only serious impediments to exchange of Scholars are the absence of a com-

mon scholar's language—such as Latin in the Middle Ages—and our unwillingness to pay for competence in foreign languages. There is a lot of fudging everywhere about learning languages—not only on college campuses—and the hoodwinking connected with most sorts of language exams is monstrous.

Few Americans enter countries where obscure languages are spoken. In 1957-58 there was one American student reported at the University of Malaya, one at Kabul, five each at Hong Kong and Teheran, and none in Laos, Vietnam, Iraq and Nepal. A few more professors go to such countries, but not many.

It is a good guess that the species Wandering Scholar is becoming extinct: improved communications between countries, and the spectacular flowering of American scholarship will make trips abroad increasingly dispensable. One piece of evidence: before World War II, all Guggenheim Fellowships had to be taken abroad, whereas today Guggenheim Fellows are permitted to stay in America, and forty per cent do.

St. Augustine left Carthage mainly because general conditions for study were better at Rome; in the early part of the century, when Cambridge's Cavendish Laboratory, in spite of its primitive facilities, attracted students from all over the world, it was a standing joke that a student had to bring his own vacuum with him. Today advanced foreign students often come to our country less in search of one particular man than in order to be near the large installations at Brookhaven, Argonne, Cal Tech, Berkeley, Stanford or Cambridge.

Paradoxically, the Wandering Scholar never thinks of travel as a means to further "international understanding"—and is more naturally worldly than the Voyageurs or Rubberneckers. Exchange of ideas across borders is a natural condition of his work; talk about international understanding bores him. Only when visa restrictions frustrate his desire to meet colleagues at conferences, or when security regulations stop or delay the supply of information, is he likely to speak up about political arrangements.

Most foreign students in this country belong to the second species, the Voyageurs. Numbers

of well-born young ladies and gentlemen from India, for example, come here to spend one or two pleasant years admiring the scenery and taking genteel gulps from our fountains of knowledge. Similarly at the end of World War II, many GI's, attracted to foreign ways and girls, elected to "study" under the GI Bill at foreign universities. Today more or less well-organized junior years abroad are the fashion.

Only recently John Arthur Garraty and Walter Adams, in *From Main Street to the Left Bank* (1959), reported that many American students in Europe are taking sub-standard programs and leading unhappy and shiftless lives. The American students abroad who go to seed do so for the same reason that Westerners in the Orient become beachcombers. They are removed from the demands and discipline of their own society, and have not enough drive or self-direction to lead regulated and useful lives.

The difficulty is compounded by ambiguities. An American student abroad may well ask himself: Do I happen to be abroad while pursuing my formal education, or am I on an extended sightseeing tour which takes in, among other monuments, a foreign university? Because of the ambiguity of his situation he feels guilty partaking of those cultural offerings in his surroundings which carry no credit in an American curriculum; at the same time he feels frustrated when, because of the demands of his pseudo-curriculum, he can't take advantage of the unique opportunities in being abroad.

And the foreign student floundering in an American institution often suffers from a fuzziness of purpose similar to that of the American student abroad. If he is honest, he admits that what he really wants is a year's or two-years' visitor's visa. Since such a visa is not to be had, he poses as one in search of learning; it is too bad that our academic authorities treat him as if he were a serious student and check his progress almost every week. Frequently we even fail to extend to him the welcome that we generally offer tourists.

The third species of migratory bird is the Rubbernecker, distinguished from the Voyageur by the fact that he makes no pretense of being a student. He should be listed here chiefly because his sins are often charged to the foreign

student. Not infrequently he is a distinguished foreign academic administrator or teacher, and the American businessman and politician visited by him are honored; the American professor often wishes he would go away. When the Rubbernecker is important, he commands the audience of a president or dean for a day or more. Usually he knows little and cares about less and asks such searching questions as "How many students on your campus?" or "Where did you find your president?" Often his inquiries can be answered by simply pointing to the catalog. At best, the Rubbernecker has informed himself beforehand; but usually he stays only long enough to confirm the fact that there are 6,527 students on campus, and that *monsieur le président* is *vraiment* a former athletic coach.

Who started the migration and why? After World War II, our government decided to bring foreign leaders to our country in order to acquaint them with our way of life. Unfortunately this was done under a policy which might be paraphrased as "the more the merrier." The defense budget would allow, say 1,500 Germans to come here for a year, or 3,000 for half a year, or 6,000 for three months apiece. (Nobody ever figured out that we could blow ourselves to half a million Germans, provided each stayed only one day.) The always breathless and usually distinguished visitors brought here by Army and State Department, many from Germany and Japan, tried to see everything in three months and as a result saw nothing except the obvious monuments of our wealth and vigor. Having them here did no harm and possibly some good, but the impression they took home was obviously shallow.

Generally, the government's efforts have been more sensible. The most spectacular example of federal spending for student exchanges—usually of a year's duration—are the munificent Fulbright and Smith-Mundt programs. Since its start in 1948, the Fulbright program alone has enabled over 35,000 students to study abroad—about one-third were American students supported in full, the other two-thirds foreign students who received travel grants. Especially valuable are those grants given to graduate students: to win Fulbright scholarships they must convince the selection committee that they

have serious scholarly business abroad. One difficulty: committees favor students who conform to the cliché "ambassadors of good will," good clean all-American boys and girls. Unfortunately, a young scholar is apt to have his own ideas on cleanliness and Americanism and, alas, all-American boys are not necessarily dedicated scholars.

Spending federal money on student exchange will, I think, produce better results than any other form of foreign aid. The Fulbright program originally came in the back door; it used funds owed us, primarily in Europe, and available only in foreign currencies. The Smith-Mundt Act is especially concerned with Latin America. Federal programs for student exchanges with the peoples of Asia and Africa are relatively small.

But with sovereignties and governments changing day by day in the modern world, is the traffic adjusted accordingly? The number of current African exchanges supported by the State Department is twice last year's, but the numbers sent and invited are still minute. For example, in 1958 only twenty-four American students and professors went to Africa under federal auspices, and many stayed three months or less; only 132 Africans were brought here by our government. The well under 2,000 students from Africa now in this country come mainly from the old nations Egypt, Liberia, and the Union of South Africa. The most recent report registers only seventy-three from Kenya, twenty from Tanganyika, twenty-six from Uganda, nineteen from Southern Rhodesia, and none from such new countries as the Sudan Republic, Guinea, Ivory Coast, and Dahomey. American Negroes like Jackie Robinson, Harry Belafonte and Sidney Poitier, sponsoring The African-American Students Foundation, recently brought eighty-one African students to the United States, mostly from Kenya, at a cost of some \$100,000. When the Foundation offered six scholarships to Ghanaian students, 450 applied. *The New York Times* recently reported an interview with Sobhuza II, chief of the Swazis, who, attended by advisers with white bones in their hair, dwelt at some length on the desirability of scholarships for African students and on how many India provides. "That is a very good step for any civilized man to do," the chief was re-

corded as saying, "to give the light to somebody."

Africans in America almost without exception are beset by poverty and frequently end up at scholastically inferior Southern Negro colleges, or they flounder and fail in the North. No plan designed to prepare them for study at good American colleges exists, and often even well-meaning Americans fail to understand their peculiar problems. Several years ago at Columbia, Philip Jessup spotted a young Nigerian of determination, intelligence and charm who never earned even a B. The private foundation which supported him had left a small gap in his incredibly modest budget, "to strengthen his self-reliance," as they explained. As soon as the graduate dean, the late Edgar Grim Miller, Jr., found the few dollars it took to balance the student's budget, the student's grades began to climb. The need to earn extra money had meant hours of useless waiting, constant fear of the Immigration Service, which frowns upon employment for foreign students, and, most lamentably, the suspicion that perhaps our country didn't really want him after all.

Quite possibly American legislators are timid about supporting foreign students. Isn't it true that we don't have enough space for our own college students and that the future is scarcely more promising? Might we not train future revolutionaries? Weren't Gandhi and Nehru educated in England? Didn't Tom Mboya study in England and Sukarno in Holland? Did educating 3,000 Chinese students in America on Boxer indemnity scholarships make us any friends in Red China?

I think we have to take a chance, and soon. Whether we like it or not, the bright young men and women of Africa or Asia are going to get educated; all we may be able to say is where. Today the old colonial powers, England and France, are educating a far higher proportion—ten per cent—of foreign students in their midst than we do. Because currency is available, because it has always been thus, and in spite of the natives' growing animosity toward their former masters, future African leaders in the main still go to England for training. So far no appreciable recruiting of African students by the Russians has been reported, but already groups of Negro students have been observed

in Russia.

It is good that Mr. Khrushchev boasts. Otherwise we might not have learned of his planned University of Friendship of Peoples in Moscow, which is to provide free education for several thousand Asian, African, and Latin-American students. Perhaps eventually our officials will be inspired to move more vigorously; they haven't been yet. Senators Lyndon Johnson and Orin E. Long are seeking enabling legislation for a Center for Culture and Technical Interchange between East and West, to be set up in Hawaii; the proposal has been on the books since last July. Between 1945 and 1958 we spent twenty-four billion dollars in aid to Asian and African countries; a tiny fraction of that sum would buy not only a magnificent Hawaiian university for Asian students, but an equally desirable counterpart for African students as well, and provide for full fellowships.

Even if it were certain that foreign students educated by us would become revolutionaries, we would still have to take a chance on them. For no one can ever tell what form a revolution will take if directed by uneducated revolutionaries, or by revolutionaries educated in countries hostile to us. The rise to independence of the entire sub-continent of India and of the Dutch Indies could have brought on a blood bath. The Western education that Indian leaders had received was probably the most important influence in moderating their revolution.

There is little chance that in a year or two abroad traveling Scholars or Voyageurs will become World Federalists, but tolerance and even a bond of loyalty to a foreign country and to a group of foreign friends may be firmly established. Who can say how subtly tolerance of a foreign viewpoint may affect international relations? Even Putzi Hanfstaengl, Harvard alumnus, must have had some good influence at Hitler's court. A Hungarian, after his country had been taken over by the Russians in 1945 and plunged into confusion, sent this message to America, awkward and wonderful: "I think the influences and impressions of my fellowship years contributed a great deal to see always the way of truth in that chaos of ideas and be sure of their issue. I could remark also that between all Hungarian Rockefeller Fellows there was an unspoken but obvious spiritual connec-

tion, that could be considered as a basis, remained solid among the ruins, and on which the future of mankind can be reorganized. So the work was, and will not be, in vain."

A case for student exchange can even be made on narrowly nationalistic grounds. Only forty years ago a DuPont vice president, C. M. A. Stine, referred to the United States as a "primitive industrial civilization." Americans may miss the fact that intellectual exchange has played a part in developing America's technology. Not only did Americans require opportunities to enrich their own education by going abroad; the rise of American technology was hastened by organized efforts to bring to this country distinguished foreign scholars through Stephen Duggan's Institute of International Education, forty years old this year; through Rockefeller, Carnegie, and other foundations; later on, through Alvin Johnson's University in Exile. Wernher von Braun is a national hero today. But only fifteen years ago, when my Colonel, along with other United States Intelligence officers, tried to bring German rocket experts into this country, any number of assorted fat-heads in Washington assured us that it could not be done because "the American man in the street is not psychologically prepared to welcome Krauts." Today the medical profession conducts a campaign against foreign-trained doctors practicing here, and simple minds worry about the foreign students who don't go home. Alas, in fact only seven per cent of the 2,800 brilliant Rockefeller Fellows who came here between 1917 and 1950 stayed permanently, and only nine per cent of an aggregate 10,000 foreign students of all sorts. Today, countries such as Iran and Korea are taking steps to make absolutely sure their students return from abroad. On the other hand, our own exports of brains so far have been neither large nor permanent.

While less than two per cent of all American students are studying abroad, a much higher proportion of *outstanding* students, especially from the Northeast and from the Pacific coast, manage to go overseas. Today, outstanding academic and other positions are held by former Rhodes scholars: they head the University of Maryland, Iowa, Virginia, Vanderbilt University, Trinity in Hartford, Wabash, Purdue,

Smith, Pomona, Swarthmore, Oberlin, the Bureau of the Census, Eastern Airlines, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, Rockefeller and Guggenheim Foundations; they are editors-in-chief or editorial directors of *Harper's Magazine*, *Yale Review*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, and *Time*.

Frequently, those who look out for the foreign student professionally are in a bad way—government and foundation officials, foreign student advisers, and administrators of American programs abroad. Often they are junior and impermanent lieutenants, not well paid, idealistic about their work, but unsuccessful in turning noble ideas into deeds. In addition they, as everyone else in the student exchange business, suffer from and contribute to a surfeit of oratory, both spoken and written. The foreign student is a favorite charity, for you may talk about him until the cows come home, do nothing, and still keep an untroubled conscience. No one excepting the official advisers considers himself a foreign student's keeper.

Ideally there should be only limited need for full-time professionals dealing with the legal status of foreign students, the relative merits of foreign institutions, the evaluation of foreign credentials, and currency regulations. But the few who are needed ought to be well trained and used as administrative experts, not as chaplains. As things are, the presence of a foreign student adviser may actually contribute to the callousness on a campus. Since the foreign student adviser presumably copes with all problems, nobody else need care.

Left alone, our own youth would roam the world happily as did young American gentlemen in Jefferson's times, but the days of adventure are gone. Not that we can't afford that kind of travel. It is rather that we disapprove of anything that is not or doesn't appear to be useful. This is not the place to discuss why a rich people behaves like a nation of slaves. But the fact that we have lost the easy, natural confidence in ourselves that we once had must be noted. We have also lost confidence in our children. Rather than let them get a healthy cultural shock abroad, we endlessly prepare them for what is in store. What should be exhilarat-

ing as a dip in a cold mountain stream is thus made tepid, often into a dreary accumulation of academic credits.

If we worried less, and placed more responsibility on our youth, some problems would disappear. Young people are likely to encounter a stranger as Philemon and Baucis encountered Zeus when he visited them disguised as a stranger: as a person of special worth and in need of compassion because his roots have been cut. It is encouraging to see how at least on some campuses the foreign birds of passage are accepted by our young as full members of the family. Perhaps the problems raised by the Children's Crusade should be solved by the children themselves rather than by grownups.

Garraty and Adams have shown up weaknesses of American programs abroad. Fortunately, they have also recorded the Smith girl who said about her year in Spain: "Last year was a year that can never be surpassed." There is in our time a deep conviction among the young that other cultures have something important to offer them. The quantitative increase in foreign travel alone attests to this. The matter-of-course acceptance of foreign students, not as objects of curiosity but as friends and equals, illustrates it. Independent of our adult efforts to plan student exchanges, to take the excitement out of travel abroad, to turn intellectual adventure into dogged academic credit accumulation, the young have gone ahead toward a deeper understanding of foreign lands by simply accepting the fact that the life of the intellect knows no borders. They read Camus and Sartre, Thomas Mann and Rilke, Unamuno and C. P. Snow as contemporaries whose foreignness is accidental rather than essential. What seven centuries ago Pope Innocent said about the Children's Crusade might be said about the exchange of students today: "The very children put us to shame: while we sleep they go forth gladly to conquer the Holy Land."



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THE TROUBLE WITH LABOR IS **'FEATHERBEDDING'**

by JAMES KUHN and IVAR BERG

The costly 116-day steel strike, which finally prompted emergency intervention by the President, called to public attention the vaguely scandalous, intractable issue of featherbedding. The steel settlement shelved it—leaving it unclarified, virtually unexplored.

The current railroad dispute over notorious "make-work" practices by railroad employees threatens another national emergency—and shows no more promise of shedding light on featherbedding. But clearly, the public need not understand what featherbedding is in order to

invest its sympathies and uncritical enthusiasm in a crusade against it, against alleged wasteful work practices, obsolete work rules, and loafing.

Campaign battles and skirmishes over featherbedding have occurred in recent years in many of the great mass production and basic industries—glass, steel, automobiles, electric equipment, and longshoring. Pittsburgh Plate Glass fought a four-month strike early last year so that it might gain a "full day's work for a day's pay." Officials of the steel industry continued to demand, almost to the end of their dispute

this winter, the right to change work rules which in their view protected and encouraged featherbedding. Managers of General Motors and General Electric supported the stand of the steel companies, believing that they were "fighting our battle." In the midst of the steel strike the Gulf and Atlantic dockworkers walked out in a dispute complicated by the employers' demand to get rid of "unnecessary and wasteful work rules."

Now, work rules are formal and informal arrangements in the shop, sanctioned by custom, tradition, and bargains. They are the oral and written regulations that govern work activities, crew sizes, and job assignments. Work rules set the amount, quality, and manner of work a man must do. They establish the standards by which one can tell how fast is fast, how fair is fair, and how reasonable is reasonable. Most are mutually beneficial. They allow foremen and workers a necessary and useful degree of flexibility in meeting unforeseen, unpredictable daily work difficulties.

Since most work rules are established through give and take, they can be changed in the same way. Having bargained for work rules, and thus created an "investment" of rights and benefits, workers are but prudent managers of their capital. Work rules are the coin of the bargaining realm; a coin that both managers and workers try to use profitably.

To be sure, some rules do serve only one party and become a source of legitimate concern to the other. When painters refuse to allow the use of sprayguns and tie building contractors to outmoded, expensive handwork, they featherbed. So do musicians when they saddle theatre managers with standby orchestras where a few bars of recorded music would suffice or where a script calls for a single toy horn. Perhaps most recognizable—and most objectionable—as featherbedding are "make-work rules." Some electrical workers, for example, refuse to install control panels or switchboards assembled and wired at the factory. Installation is possible only if a contractor agrees to allow the workers on the job site to take the panels apart, disconnect all wires, and then rewire and reassemble the panels.

That unions should defend, and that management should have to fight to eliminate, such work rules is unthinkable to many Americans.

A worker who featherbeds is one who "lays down on his job;" he is unjustifiably making the job softer and easier or demanding pay for useless, wasteful, work. With our atavistic Puritan streak, we rebel at featherbedding; like sin, it is something everyone must be against. But the recent and current disputes in which the subject figures are unthinkable only if one assumes that featherbedding is as simple and as explicit as it seems under the work rules mentioned above.

A little examination reveals that often work rules benefit everyone, as in the following case. In the loading yard of a midwestern steel company, each crew was expected to load three flat cars with steel pipe in an eight-hour shift. A change in the pickup schedule of the railroad required flatcars to be ready for travel two hours before the end of the shift. To avoid costly and embarrassing delays in the shipments, the yard foreman approached the work crews with a deal: if the men worked extra fast and loaded the flat cars in time for the daily train pickup, he would let them take the extra two hours off with no penalty and, of course, with the same pay. The men agreed.

Loading pipe is heavy, tiring work, repetitious and meaningless; but even after years in the yard, the workers had the responses and feelings of men. They did not waste the extra time they gained, but relaxed from their strenuous efforts in a shack at the edge of the yard, playing poker and shooting craps. Thus they enjoyed the benefits of leisure after their extra effort, and the resourceful foreman maintained the shipping schedule to the benefit of the company.

What was a beneficial work rule to the foreman and the traffic department, was a rule that fostered featherbedding in the judgment of a new yard superintendent who arrived eight months later, fresh from engineering school. He was outraged. The men were equally outraged when he assigned them a fourth flatcar to load each shift. They charged him with introducing a speedup.

Higher managers, in their turn, may propose work rules which in theory serve a useful purpose but in practice may impose wasteful or unreasonable restrictions on the shop foreman. In an aircraft plant that turns out intricate airframe parts on huge, expensive stamping ma-

chines, management insisted, and the union agreed, that stamping operators should not perform any maintenance work on the machines. An operator should not even perform the simple routine of oiling. All too easily, out of inexperience, he might overlook an oil cup or accidentally leave a screwdriver in the gears and thus ruin a piece of equipment worth thousands of dollars.

In shop practice, then, the work rule forbids the operator to touch the stamping machine except to place the metal blanks and to operate the switches. If a die cracks, he calls a maintenance man; if a blank jams, he must call upon a maintenance man to free it; and if a die screw loosens, he will not tighten it. Even if a fuse blows out on the machine he will wait until a maintenance man is free to perform the simple replacement. A foreman may resent the loss of production he suffers under this work rule, but a manager would have difficulty saying where justified practices end and featherbedding begins.

Managers are *not* always interested in avoiding featherbedding. Under the coercive pressures of the head office to get production out, to meet contract deadlines, and to keep up in a seller's market, practices develop and flourish that would be undesirable in less frenzied—and less profitable—times.

While management itself may foster or permit questionable work rules in easy, boom times, both management and the union sometimes find that work rules may be *born* of featherbedding. Example: in a large tire plant in the high sales years of 1955 and 1956, the foremen in the tire building department needed faster delivery of tread pieces to their tire builders. Instead of requiring the fork-lift drivers to make the specified twelve-minute run from the tread extruder to the drying room and back to the builders, the foreman asked the drivers to take treads directly to the tire builders. The direct runs averaged only two minutes, but the drivers continued to collect pay for twelve. A year and a half later, a time-study man inadvertently discovered the phantom trip time and tried to eliminate it. The drivers "grieved" and won a ruling from the arbitrator that the practice had become, through long practice, a protected work rule, subject to change only with the consent of the union.

Company officials blamed the union for protecting featherbedders—but local union officials accused the foremen in the tire-building department of conniving with the drivers. A democratic union is not so much responsible for featherbedding as it is responsive to workers' claims for protection of established, customary rights. Any Congressman from a farm state who defends government payments to his constituents for not growing crops can sympathize with the union steward who argued the innocence of the fork-lift drivers' case. Democracy does not always etch profiles of courage.

Most work rules develop gradually, almost imperceptibly, from day to day and month to month. They allow an escape from the impersonality of machine and organization. They reduce the grinding frictions of the industrial process for managers as well as workers, and allow adjustments to the tensions and pressures of daily shop life. Once developed, however, rules tend to remain, protecting workers' rights and shop practices.

When managers believe that slack sales and foreign competition have cut profits, cost reduction is uppermost in their minds. At such a time, they attack the incrustation of work rules in the shop with no little indignation: according to economics, work rules clearly infringe on their rights to manage and their need to deploy workers efficiently. A successful attack should result in greater efficiency and larger earnings with which a firm may finance new labor-saving investments. In this way, workers lose their work rules in exchange for the dubious privilege of financing their own displacement. That they resist management's attacks on work rules is not surprising.

While managers may resent their workers' resistance to changes in work rules aimed at cutting costs, they could well heed the words of Dr. George Taylor, chairman of the Presidential fact-finding board in the steel dispute. He warned that, while "obsolete" rules that permit featherbedding should be done away with, "jobs are involved here . . . [Management should not] assert the right overnight to change practices that have been in here for years." And Mr. Sylvester Garrett, prominent arbitrator between United States Steel and the Steelworkers, told

both parties during their recent dispute that work rules have been "accepted in the sense of being regarded by the men involved as the normal and proper response to the underlying circumstances presented." He reminded management and the union that in changing work rules they should carefully consider the benefits of stability, as well as the dangers of stagnation.

The matter is, of course, complicated. Work rules protect human rights, but they may also guarantee pay for phantom work. Work rules that contribute to safety can also restrict work; work rules once reasonable may become unreasonable as circumstances change. A senior open-hearth worker, subject to exhausting work and intense heat, may properly be allowed extra "spell time" to relax and recover. But when he retires and a younger man takes his place, mere practice alone should not dictate that the younger man receive the extra "spell time," too. By the same token, just because a younger man can tend the furnace without the extra spell time is no reason that he should. Steel workers once worked twelve hours a day and no doubt could do so today. But few people would argue that they should. Nor does anyone accuse steelworkers of featherbedding because they receive more pay in eight hours than their fathers did in twelve. Management has come to accept the eight-hour day as a reasonable and justified work rule, not only when workers are in short supply and need to be pampered, but also in times of lay-offs and low production.

Management does not approach lesser work rules in the shop with as much consistency. Managers may feel that they simply cannot at all times settle for the benefits of *stability*. Work rules and shop practices quite acceptable at one time—indeed proposed or encouraged by management—become featherbedding at another time. In one New England plant that turns out light machinery, the top officials agreed several years ago that the shop stewards should receive full pay for spending all their time handling grievances. Now faced with a declining market and a drop-off in sales, the company officials have accused the stewards of featherbedding and the union of trying to protect a wasteful, costly practice. To the workers, the sudden indignation of the officials and their righteous denuncia-

tion of the stewards and unions seems—should one say?—hypocritical.

Work practices encouraged and tolerated by management through years of high employment, easy markets, and cost-plus contracts, can hardly be eliminated at whim without severe social consequences. To redesign the worker's methods of work or to cut out a part of the worker's job disturbs the worker's very life and emotions. However rational, however sensible the change may be, no man can quickly or easily reorganize his habits or junk a part of his labor. The Canadian railway board of enquiry recognized this fact, all too often ignored by publicists attacking "featherbedding," when it recommended that the Canadian Pacific Railway eliminate, simply and gradually, the "firemen who tend no fires," by hiring no replacements for those who retire.

American labor leaders have not adamantly refused to change work rules or to investigate alleged abuses. Guy L. Brown, head of the Locomotive Engineers, has declared that "the working rules need to be revised . . . [but] this must be a two-way street." The United Steel Workers have always allowed changes in work rules if management introduced technological innovations, even despite less than enthusiastic approval by the workers in the mills. The union also has offered to guarantee that work rules may not be used to block progress and to work jointly with management to get rid of inefficient, unreasonable practices.

If declarations and offers such as these seem to fall short of resolving the problem of "featherbedding," one must remember the relentless changes that stalk production workers.

Thirty years ago, railroad workers were the aristocrats of labor, the work heroes of a nation. Their work was symbolic of the disciplined efficiency and complexity of an industry that shaped a continent. The engineer's red bandanna and the conductor's big watch were badges of a proud calling. Their pay and working conditions were the envy of the rest of American workers. Today, average hourly earnings among the railroad workers are 17 per cent below that of today's aristocrats, the steel workers.

Technological change has lowered rail employment steadily for thirty years. In the last decade

alone, half a million jobs, almost 1,000 a week, have disappeared. Technological displacement now threatens to reduce the present aristocrats of labor, just as it reduced their predecessors. In the first half of 1959, the steel industry produced 6,000,000 tons more steel than in six months of 1955, with 31,000 fewer workers. Can we wonder why workers should try to protect their jobs and work rights when employment opportunities decline so rapidly? The loss of a job in middle or late working life means a loss of dignity, a desperate search for a new job. Unlike the manager (or even the union leader), the worker in the shop may not be able to afford much objectivity in defending his protective work rules; he may see union approval of changes in work rules, not as statesmanship, but as a "sweetheart" arrangement with management.

If workers at times seek private gains through featherbedding, to management's loss and so-

ciety's, we need to remember that all too often management and society—the rest of us—have sought gain through technological change to the loss of the immediately affected workers. Unless management, the union, and the public speak plainly about and assume full responsibility for the deeper conflicts underlying "featherbedding," wasteful and inefficient practices will continue and spread from industry to industry, as workers seek to escape what Elton Mayo called the inevitable experience of change, "a sense of void and emptiness."



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Notes from the Underground

Literary Ability: Although he was lacking in imagination, Lincoln had a natural flair for words that might easily have been translated into active literary talent. This, together with his thrift and slow creative thinking, is an explanation of the classic quality of his Gettysburg Address. (Excerpt from a "release" mailed by Rinehart & Company, book publishers, containing the findings of a handwriting "analyst" about Abraham Lincoln.)

Some

Reflections

on

Modern

Ignorance

Snowing in America

by ROBERT LEKACHMAN

A year ago Sir Charles Snow delivered the Rede Lecture at Cambridge University. Entitled *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution*, it was reprinted in *Encounter*, perhaps England's liveliest monthly magazine, and issued in England and the United States as a small book. If we judge by the letters to the editor of *Encounter*, just about everybody heard or read Sir Charles. Among many others, Lord Russell; the historian J. H. Plumb; the social philosopher Michael Polanyi; and Dr. Charles Singer, the distinguished historian of science: all responded to Sir Charles. There was good reason for the excitement of the learned. Sir Charles was undertaking that bravest of efforts, a diagnosis of some of the world's fundamental troubles. A masterpiece of compression, this lecture blamed our failure to keep up with the Russians and our inability to relieve the desperate poverty of the underdeveloped parts of the world upon an intellectual split—the gulf between the scientific and the literary cultures.

Sir Charles addressed himself primarily to England, although he cast occasional side glances at this country. I am going to argue that as far as the American experience goes, this opposition understates the complexities of the issues. More than that, Sir Charles probably puts the split in our culture in the wrong place.

In this country, of course, Sir Charles Snow is best known as C. P. Snow, the author of a number of excellent novels in a series entitled "Strangers and Brothers." These novels, narrated by an acute don and lawyer whose career occasionally parallels the author's, are an entertaining and perceptive analysis of wealth, power, and intellect in contemporary England. Two of them, *The New Men* and *The Search*, concentrated upon the procedures and the pitfalls of scientific research. In fact, Sir Charles is exceptional among contemporary novelists in his knowledge of the world of science. After receiving a thorough scientific training, he worked as a scientist himself and during the Second World War headed Britain's scientific recruitment program. In this post, he interviewed or supervised the interviewing of a large proportion of England's scientists. His knighthood was a token of his country's appreciation of Charles Snow as an official rather than a novelist. Not only has Sir Charles been a scientist and an administrator of programs which enlisted scientists, he also likes and admires scientists—somewhat more, one may gather, than he does the literary intellectuals among whom he also moves. He believes that scientists are instinctive exponents of human equality, natural optimists about the human capacity to control the material environment, and disciplined searchers after truth. In short, they are liberal, cheerful, and honest.

The theme of *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution* is, as I said, the gulf in the British intellectual elite between this new and admirable scientific culture, and the traditional, literary culture. In describing the size of this gulf, Sir Charles is explicit and emphatic:

I felt I was moving among two groups—comparable in intelligence, identical in race, not grossly different in social origin, earning about the same incomes, who had almost ceased to communicate at all, who in intellectual, moral and psychological climate had so little in common that instead of going from Burlington House or South Kensington to Chelsea, one might have crossed an ocean.

To Sir Charles, this cultural fissure is the gravest

of threats. It diminishes our chance of successful competition with the Russians, who, by Sir Charles' account, are producing an integrated culture. It impedes our efforts to extend the benefits of modern science to the poor nations of the world, nations that are no longer content with their poverty.

Where is the fault? Scientists have no taste or inclination for the elements of the traditional culture, music alone excepted. Those scientists who read at all judge Dickens a rather difficult author. On the other hand, what is even worse, literary intellectuals not only know nothing about science but are entirely complacent about their own ignorance. Engaged in intelligent conversation with his literary friends, Sir Charles discovered that cold silence greeted his request for a description of the Second Law of Thermodynamics, the equivalent, says Sir Charles, of "Have you read a work of Shakespeare's?" When asked what a machine tool was, a literary group looked "shifty." It is plain that the ordinary, non-scientific intellectual has not the faintest comprehension of his world and the way it runs. Still less, therefore, can he estimate the possibilities of future change. The Industrial Revolution of the nineteenth century and the Industrial Revolution of the twentieth century are alike mysteries to him.

Following the familiar Anglo-Saxon tendency to blame our troubles on faulty education, Sir Charles identifies the villain as the excessive specialization of British education. No doubt the bright English eighteen-year old knows more about his special subject than bright Americans or bright Russians of the same age, but he knows less about anything else. Moreover, tradition and academic inertia make it very difficult to alter university and school curricula. As the old academic gag puts it in this country, it is easier to move a cemetery than to change a college curriculum. But wherever the blame justly falls, Sir Charles is certain that failure to bridge the gulf between the cultures threatens both British and American power and influence. *The Two Cultures* is an eloquent plea for cultural rapprochement.

Dichotomies are persuasive. Sharp division is one way of clarifying arguments. But one must ask whether the relevant issues can be squeezed without distortion into classes as few as two, and, if they can be, whether any given set of two categories is the right one. Since Sir Charles'

theme goes to the heart of our system of education and our political prospects, we should ask how applicable to the American scene his generalizations may be. In Sir Charles' sense of contrasted attitudes, standards, approaches, assumptions, and responses, do we possess two sharply demarcated cultures? Is the line of demarcation where Sir Charles puts it?

At the very threshold of the problem we encounter a difficulty in the conception of an "intellectual elite." In England, Sir Charles appears to mean by that term honors graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. At times, he appears to limit the group to those actively engaged in science on the one side and those who write novels and criticism on the other. How would we define an American elite? Graduation from an Ivy League college is by no means the equivalent of an Oxford or Cambridge degree. Graduation with honors even from Harvard does not carry with it the same permanent significance to the career of the graduate as a first class honors degree does in England. Liberal arts colleges of small reputation have produced extraordinary numbers of scientists. Tiny Reed College on the West Coast is a fair example. At the other end of the distribution, good scientific departments abound in universities famous otherwise for the professional quality of their football teams. The curricula of our best colleges are not as specialized as those in England, and the effort to teach at least a minimum of science even to future literary men is much greater. Americans hold science or at least technology (which Sir Charles tends to lump with science) in high regard. Surely no bright American is disgraced or impoverished by graduation from Cal Tech or MIT; but if Sir Charles is accurate, members of the British intellectual elite simply do not attend engineering schools.

In some ways, then, we are better off than the British. Our educational patterns are more fluid, we do not classify our students as irrevocably, and our prejudice against science is fainter. In some ways we are worse off: our training is less rigorous, and we suffer from an easy-going sentimentality in the face of the need to sort the gifted from the mediocre. Still, it is reasonably preferable to give unusable opportunities to the incompetent than to withhold usable opportunities from the competent, after the fashion of British education even now.

These differences between the countries lead

to another. Sir Charles' assumption about British politics is that British political leaders all pass through the traditional literary culture and share the literary intellectual's incomprehension of scientific techniques and conclusions. Surely, such a generalization is much less descriptive of American leaders. Herbert Hoover was a mining engineer, Harry Truman never went to college, and Dwight Eisenhower passed through the technological training of the service academy.

Even on the narrower ground of the American intellectual scene it is difficult to make good sense within the limits of Sir Charles' dichotomy. At the least, a third category is essential—the social sciences, which at their best can teach a society how to diffuse both scientific and literary culture. Undoubtedly the inclusion of the social sciences—economics, sociology, anthropology, political science, social psychology, and possibly history—makes the discussion more complex, but it also increases its realism. Much in the social sciences resembles technology and a little approaches the attitudes of the pure scientist. In his work, the industrial engineer combines the techniques of the mechanical engineer and the economist. Since the very field of his study is the factory, Sir Charles' strictures about the non-technologist's ignorance of what transpires in the factory do not apply to him. Again the industrial sociologist, who also takes industry as his field of study, knows that he must understand what life in a factory means to those who spend forty hours a week running its machines. The industrial sociologist goes back more than a generation to Elton Mayo's pioneer experiments in the comprehension of the factory as a social system. American economists have never completely forgotten that industrial organization is an important subject for study. Even the Kinsey Reports can be represented as a scientific effort (Dr. Kinsey was an expert on wasps) to understand one of the more delicate aspects of human experience.

In short, if the social scientist has an alliance with any other group it is with the technically trained. No one exposed to any considerable quantity of the writings of social scientists would claim that the alliance is with literature. The new methods of the social sciences emphasize precise measurement. Consider such techniques as probability sampling, content analysis, and depth interviewing and the point is made. The very label social science accurately identifies the aspira-

tions of the contemporary student of society: if he can, he will apply scientific method and scientific techniques to the analysis of man in society—including man in the factory and the laboratory.

The very excesses of some social scientists—concentration on the nearly meaningless project because it yields to delightfully complicated techniques, or, the opposite error, the attempt to understand all society with one grandiose theory—are by-products of this longing to convert the study of man into the science of man. C. Wright Mills' provocative *The Sociological Imagination* tells the story in gruesome detail. The fact is that the holy aspiration to be scientific has so overcome most of our intellectual population that it has been extended to problems where art or intuition are the most reliable guides. Even those Sir Charles calls literary intellectuals have not been completely immune. The intricate verbal analysis employed by some literary critics may owe something to the impact of the scientific ethos.

It is fair to say that in this country even literary intellectuals frequently admire and respect scientists, even when they fail to understand them. Am I saying that Sir Charles' original warning of a gulf between two cultures is without point in America? Rather that a number of specifically American circumstances make his division between science and literature unrealistic in the United States. Certainly most Americans and many literary intellectuals are prepared to accept or even admire technology and a good many even understand an amount of it.

Perhaps the very word technology implies a more useful contrast. The split in the intellectual world is not really between those who manipulate words and those who manipulate scientific apparatus or mechanical appliances. It is between those who delight in the language of abstraction and the vast majority who prefer technique—in the laboratory, the factory, the interview, or the political campaign. Perhaps the point is clearer when we consider one of Sir Charles' illustrations of the existing gulf. The quotation concerns the Nobel prize-winning experiment of Drs. Yang and Lee in the conservation of parity.

It is an experiment of the greatest beauty and originality, but the result is so startling that one forgets how beautiful the experiment is. It makes

us think again about some of the fundamentals of the physical world. Intuition, common sense—they are neatly stood on their heads. The result is usually known as the contradiction of parity.

For Sir Charles the great point about the announcement of the Yang-Lee experiment was the lack of stir it caused at the High Tables of Oxford and Cambridge, the failure of everybody to appreciate the importance of a great experiment. Nobody but the scientists understood, and they knew better than to raise the subject with their colleagues.


But there is another point. The chances are excellent that most American engineers, doctors, dentists, and technologists of all varieties would have been in the same position as the literary gentlemen of Oxford and Cambridge. In this respect, their affinity is much greater to literary intellectuals than to scientists. The real problem of communication may be between the practitioner of basic, abstract science and the rest of us—engineers, social scientists, and literary intellectuals included.

Insofar as this contrast is nearer the American truth, there is a different meaning to be found in the great difficulties before us: the competition with the Russians and the progress of the underdeveloped countries. Sir Charles sees the enormous need to transmit technology to the rest of the world and reproaches literary intellectuals for their failure to grasp the meaning of technology. If in fact technology is honored and understood in the United States and yet we are manifestly failing in the great tasks history has set us, we must look elsewhere for explanation. How is it that the Russians progress more rapidly than we do? In dealing with the poorer countries of the world, is it pessimism or lack of generosity which has stopped us from making a major effort to diminish poverty? Are not the answers rather obvious and rather unastonishing? Our slow rate of growth is the consequence in part of our difficulties in reconciling price stability with economic expansion. In part, it is a result of the American structure of tastes and attitudes, of our preference, identified by John Kenneth Galbraith and others, for consumer goods today rather than investment in the social overhead which will increase productivity tomorrow. Another element in the situation may be our tendency to take our gains partly in leisure rather than entirely in increased production. It

is hard to see what these traits have to do with ignorance about science.

As for the very difficult question of aiding the underdeveloped countries, here too the matter is much more up to the social scientist than to either the literary intellectual or the natural scientist. India's desperate struggle to preserve democratic institutions will be resolved according to her capacity to alleviate the dismal poverty of her villagers. The most substantial obstacle in her path is the rise of population. Whether her current program of family limitation will succeed has rather little to do with Western intellectuals' understanding or lack of understanding of science and a great deal to do with the quality of Indian public administration, the social habits of Indian families, and the pressure of tradition upon behavior. If we all understood science ever so much, these problems would persist and their solution would be little easier.

Such considerations deepen our muddle about education. It is important to enrich the community's knowledge of science and even more important to equip our leaders to comprehend basic science as well as technology. But this is not enough; it can even be argued that by itself it is dangerous, for what could be more ominous than government by a class that believed that all human problems yielded to the ministrations of science? It is unnecessary to defend the present condition of social science to say that what is just as necessary in the education of the citizen of this century is a vast improvement in the understanding of how we act in our society, how other people act in their societies, and how we can effect desirable changes in the different circumstances. No one can sensibly demur from Sir Charles' judgment that the world is different because the scientific imagination has been at work. One can legitimately wonder whether the world will remain inhabitable unless the sociological imagination has had its chance to deal with the human consequences of scientific discovery.


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MARRYING
IN
HASTE
IN
COLLEGE

An essay that has provoked much discussion already. What has been the effect of our simplified concepts of "maturity" and "the rich, full life" on the young in college?

by MARGARET MEAD

All over the United States, undergraduate marriages are increasing; not only in the municipal colleges and technical schools, which take for granted a workaday world in which learning is mostly training to make a living, but also on the green campuses once sacred to a more leisurely pursuit of knowledge.

Before we become too heavily committed to this trend, it may be wise to pause and question why it has developed, what it means, and whether it endangers the value of undergraduate education as we have known it.

The full-time college, in which a student is free for four years to continue the education begun in earlier years, is only one form of higher education. Technical schools, non-residence municipal colleges, junior colleges, extension schools which offer preparation for professional work on a part-time and indefinitely extended basis, institutions which welcome adults for a single course at any age: all of these are "higher," or at least "later," education. Their proliferation has tended to obscure our view of the college itself and what it means.

But the university, as it is called in Europe—

the college, as it is often called here—is essentially quite different from “higher education” that is only later, or more, education. It is, in many ways, a prolongation of the freedom of childhood; it can come only once in a lifetime and at a definite stage of development, after the immediate trials of puberty and before the responsibilities of full adulthood.

The university student is a unique development of our kind of civilization, fulfilling a special pattern set for those who have the ability and the will to devote four years to exploring the civilization of which they are a part. This self-selected group (and any other method than self-selection is doomed to failure) does not include all of the most able, the most skilled, or the most gifted in our society. It includes, rather, those who are willing to accept four more years of an intellectual and psychological moratorium, in which they explore, test, meditate, discuss, passionately espouse, and passionately repudiate ideas about the past and the future. The true undergraduate university is still an “as-if” world in which the student need not commit himself yet. For this is a period in which it is possible not only to specialize but to taste, if only for a semester, all the possibilities of scholarship and science, of great commitment, and the special delights to which civilized man has access today.

One of the requirements of such a life has been freedom from responsibility. Founders and administrators of universities have struggled through the years to provide places where young men, and more recently young women, and young men and women together, would be free—in a way they can never be free again—to explore before they settle on the way their lives are to be lived.

This freedom once included, as a matter of course, freedom from domestic responsibilities—from the obligation to wife and children or to husband and children. True, it was often confused by notions of propriety: married women and unmarried girls were believed to be improper dormitory companions, and a trace of the monastic tradition that once forbade dons to marry lingered on in our men’s colleges. But essentially the prohibition of undergraduate marriage was part and parcel of our belief that

marriage entails responsibility.

A student may live on a crust in a garret and sell his clothes to buy books; a father who does the same thing is a very different matter. An unmarried girl may prefer scholarship to clerking in an office; as the wife of a future nuclear physicist or judge of the Supreme Court—or possibly of the research worker who will find a cure for cancer—she acquires a duty to give up her own delighted search for knowledge and to help put her husband through professional school. If, additionally, they have a child or so, both sacrifice—she her whole intellectual interest, he all but the absolutely essential professional grind to “get through” and “get established.” As the undergraduate years come to be primarily not a search for knowledge and individual growth, but a suitable setting for the search for a mate, the proportion of full-time students who are free to give themselves the four irreplaceable years is being steadily whittled down.

Should we move so far away from the past that all young people, whether in college, in technical school, or as apprentices, expect to be married and, partially or wholly, to be supported by parents and society while they complete their training for this complex world? Should undergraduates be considered young adults, and should the privileges and responsibilities of mature young adults be theirs, whether they are learning welding or Greek, bookkeeping or physics, dressmaking or calculus? Whether they are rich or poor? Whether they come from educated families or from families without such interests? Whether they look forward to the immediate gratifications of private life or to a wider and deeper role in society?

As one enumerates the possibilities, the familiar cry “But this is democracy”—democracy interpreted as treating all alike no matter how different they may be—assaults the ear. Is it in fact a privilege to be given full adult responsibilities at eighteen or at twenty, to be forced to choose someone as a lifetime mate before one has found out who one is, oneself—to be forced somehow to combine learning with earning? Not only the question of who is adult, and when, but of the extent to which a society forces adulthood on its young people, arises here.

Civilization, as we know it, was preceded by a

prolongation of the learning period for our species—first biologically, by slowing down the process of physical maturation and by giving to children many long, long years for many long, long thoughts; then socially, by developing special institutions in which young people, still protected and supported, were free to explore the past and dream of the future. May it not be a new barbarism to force them to marry so soon?

"Force" is the right word. The mothers who worry about boys and girls who don't begin dating in high school start the process. By the time young people reach college, pressuring parents are joined by college administrators, by advisers and counselors and deans, by student-made rules about exclusive possession of a girl twice dated by the same boy, by the preference of employers for a boy who has demonstrated a tenacious intention of becoming a settled married man. Students who wish to marry may feel they are making magnificent, revolutionary bids for adulthood and responsibility; yet, if one listens to their pleas, one hears only the recited roster of the "others"—schoolmates, classmates, and friends—who are "already married."

The picture of embattled academic institutions valiantly but vainly attempting to stem a flood of undergraduate marriages is ceasing to be true. College presidents have joined the matchmakers. Those who head our one-sex colleges worry about transportation or experiment gingerly with ways in which girls or boys can be integrated into academic life so that they'll stay on the campus on weekends. Recently the president of one of our good, small, liberal arts colleges explained to me, apologetically, "We still have to have rules because, you see, we don't have enough married-student housing." The implication was obvious: the ideal would be a completely married undergraduate body, hopefully at a time not far distant.

With this trend in mind, we should examine some of the premises involved. The lower-class mother hopes her daughter will marry before she is pregnant. The parents of a boy who is a shade gentler or more interested in art than his peers hope their son will marry as soon as possible and be "normal." Those who taught GI's after the last two wars and enjoyed their maturity join the chorus to insist that marriage is

steadying: married students study harder and get better grades. The worried leaders of one-sex colleges note how their undergraduates seem younger, "less mature," or "more underdeveloped" than those at the big coeducational universities. They worry also about the tendency of girls to leave at the end of their sophomore year for "wider experience"—a simple euphemism for "men to marry."

And parents, who are asked to contribute what they would have contributed anyway so that the young people may marry, fear—sometimes consciously and sometimes unconsciously—that the present uneasy peacetime will not last, that depression or war will overtake their children as it overtook them. They push their children at ever younger ages, in Little Leagues and eighth-grade proms, to act out—quickly, before it is too late—the adult dreams that may be interrupted. Thus they too consent, connive, and plan toward the earliest possible marriages for both daughters and sons.

Undergraduate marriages have not been part of American life long enough for us to be certain what their effect will be. But two ominous trends can be noted.

One is the "successful" student marriage, often based on a high-school choice which both sets of parents have applauded because it assured an appropriate mate with the right background, and because it made the young people settle down. If not a high-school choice, then the high-school pattern is repeated: finding a girl who will go steady, dating her exclusively, and letting the girl propel the boy toward a career choice which will make early marriage possible.

These young people have no chance to find themselves in college because they have clung to each other so exclusively. They can take little advantage of college as a broadening experience, and they often show less breadth of vision as seniors than they did as freshmen. They marry, either as undergraduates or immediately upon graduation, have children in quick succession, and retire to the suburbs to have more children—bulwarking a choice made before either was differentiated as a human being. Help from both sets of parents, begun in the undergraduate marriage or after commencement day,

perpetuates their immaturity. At thirty they are still immature and dependent, their future mortgaged for twenty or thirty years ahead, neither husband nor wife realizing the promise that a different kind of undergraduate life might have enabled each to fulfill.

Such marriages are not failures, in the ordinary sense. They are simply wasteful of young, intelligent people who might have developed into differentiated and conscious human beings. But with four or five children, the husband firmly tied to a job which he would not dare to leave, any move toward further individual development in either husband or wife is a threat to the whole family. It is safer to read what both agree with (or even not to read at all and simply look at TV together), attend the same clubs, listen to the same jokes—never for a minute relaxing their possession of each other, just as when they were teen-agers.

Such a marriage is a premature imprisonment of young people, before they have had a chance to explore their own minds and the minds of others, in a kind of desperate, devoted symbiosis. Both had college educations, but the college served only as a place in which to get a degree and find a mate from the right family background, a background that subsequently swallows them up.

The second kind of undergraduate marriage is more tragic. Here, the marriage is based on the boy's promise and the expendability of the girl. She, at once or at least as soon as she gets her bachelor's degree, will go to work at some secondary job to support her husband while he finishes his degree. She supports him faithfully and becomes identified in his mind with the family that has previously supported him, thus underlining his immature status. As soon as he becomes independent, he leaves her. That this pattern occurs between young people who seem ideally suited to each other suggests that it was the period of economic dependency that damaged the marriage relationship, rather than any intrinsic incompatibility in the original choice.


Both types of marriage, the "successful" and the "unsuccessful," emphasize the key issue: the tie between economic responsibility and marriage in our culture. A man who does not support himself is not yet a man, and a man who is supported by his wife or lets his parents support his wife

is also only too likely to feel he is not a man. The GI students' success actually supports this position: they had earned their GI stipend, as men, in their country's service. With a basic economic independence they could study, accept extra help from their families, do extra work, and still be good students and happy husbands and fathers.

There are, then, two basic conclusions. One is that under any circumstances a full student life is incompatible with early commitment and domesticity. The other is that it is incompatible only under conditions of immaturity. Where the choice has been made maturely, and where each member of the pair is doing academic work which deserves full support, complete economic independence should be provided. For other types of student marriage, economic help should be refused.

This kind of discrimination would remove the usual dangers of parent-supported, wife-supported, and too-much-work-supported student marriages. Married students, male and female, making full use of their opportunities as undergraduates, would have the right to accept from society this extra time to become more intellectually competent people. Neither partner would be so tied to a part-time job that relationships with other students would be impaired. By the demands of high scholarship, both would be assured of continued growth that comes from association with other high-caliber students as well as with each other.

But even this solution should be approached with caution. Recent psychological studies, especially those of Piaget, have shown how essential and precious is the intellectual development of the early post-pubertal years. It may be that any domesticity takes the edge off the eager, flaming curiosity on which we must depend for the great steps that Man must take, and take quickly, if he and all living things are to continue on this earth.



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I've Been Reading

The pleasure of their acquaintance

by DAVIDSON TAYLOR

Shudha Mazumdar translates the *Ramayana* into English and I read that. Jean Garrigue publishes in *A New Folder* her poem "Letter to One in a Far Distant City on a Report of Progress in the Country." I read that too. Fred Hoyle introduces me to the notion that the creation of matter is continuous, and this idea gives me some comfort in our destructive times. I ask myself, what am I doing, reading these various things? Why am I drawn to them?

There is a motto for this discursion. It comes from the lid of a Battersea box, made to contain beauty patches for an eighteenth-century lady. I address the motto not to a lady, but to certain authors: Thou Gav'st Me Pleasure.

What I seem to seek in reading is friendship with the subject or the author or both. Reading is a way of making a connection between oneself and others.

Consider a friend who died before I was born. Since becoming a staff member at Columbia University in 1959, I have travelled farther by subway than by any other physical means of transportation. In the subway, I accompanied Charles Darwin on *The Voyage of the Beagle* (Bantam

Books, 1958, miserably illustrated). I shivered by his fire in Tierra del Fuego while naked natives sweated at a little distance. I helped him turn "the turtles off their legs" in the Galapagos. We ate beef with the hide on, his diet when he rode with gauchos. We slept on marshy ground. I caught cold. Darwin did not, or did not mention it. He never complained. But it is no wonder that his health was delicate when he returned to England and married Miss Wedgewood, after the earthquakes, icebergs, insects, privations and austerities he had endured.

In a few hours, I spent five years with Darwin viewing places exotic more than a hundred years after he began the voyage which resulted in this book. We scrutinized these scenes, he with his eyes, and thanks to him, I with mine. Did coral atolls come into being in just the way he surmised they did? I leave it to the Lamont Observatory. But how ingenious and bold of him to have told us a hundred years ago that ring islands rose from the ocean floor by the work of corals, which are animals.

In the bleak mid-winter of 1959-60, when the cold I caught with Darwin had me down, my friend Mrs. Sophie Kerr Underwood, author of twenty-three books, publishing civilized prose in her eightieth year, sent me *A Mixture of Frailties*, by Robertson Davies (Scribners, 1958), because she knew of my interest in the twentieth-century British composer, Peter Warlock. There is an element of strangeness in my experience of Warlock's life and music. I never knew him, but I knew his biographer, Cecil Gray, who was also his collaborator on *Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, Musician and Murderer*. I knew the widow of the composer Bernard van Dieren (she was Hans Kindler's sister) who was with Warlock on the last evening of his life.

A Mixture of Frailties is the story of a young and somewhat vulgar Canadian soprano who gets a scholarship to study in Great Britain and on the Continent. She wants to be not only a singer but a musician. Two Europeans in the book are especially well-drawn and attractive. One is patterned on Sir Thomas Beecham, with most of the salt and vinegar left out. The other is clearly moulded on the shape of Peter Warlock.

Warlock began life as Philip Arnold Heseltine. He became amanuensis to the blind com-

poser Frederick Delius, and wrote a life of Delius. Heseltine went to Ireland for a year, studied black magic, grew a beard and returned as Peter Warlock to London and limited success. Davies calls his composer Revelstoke. Revelstoke lived in Tite Street, where he had a cat; Warlock was a great cat fancier. Revelstoke had a taste for obscure poetry, little of it new; so did Warlock. Revelstoke had the gift of song, as Warlock had, more than any British composer since the time of Elizabeth the First. Warlock edited a learned and irreverent periodical, *The Sackbut*; Revelstoke *The Lantern*, a review which criticized his critics. Revelstoke and Warlock liked to sing bawdy songs. Warlock had a talent for making limericks, improvising, as Cecil Gray told me, while he stood with his back to the fire; if Revelstoke did this, Davies does not say so. According to Hans Kindler, Warlock improvised the limerick beginning "There was an old man named Zerubbabal," no simple feat.

Peter Warlock turned up fictionally in D. H. Lawrence's *Women In Love*. Davies has done him more justice. But if we want to know who Warlock really was, the book is *Peter Warlock: A Memoir of Philip Heseltine*, by Cecil Gray (Jonathan Cape, 1934).

The deaths of Revelstoke and Warlock resemble one another. How Warlock died at age thirty-six has never been completely understood. Davies tells how Revelstoke died. In either case, was it suicide? Frieda van Dieren and her husband had a drink with Warlock at a pub in Chelsea on the night of December 16, 1930, and as he told them good night, he cheerily engaged to lunch with them next day. He was dead in the morning, shortly after seven, lying with his shoes off, otherwise clothed. The gas plug was never found. After a long search he had finally acquired a perfect self-red cat. The cat was outside his door, mewling; who had let it out, and just why, we do not know.

During World War II, Paul Le May, a lieutenant colonel in our Air Force, spent Sunday leave with me in London. Paul had been conductor of the Duluth Symphony Orchestra. He shared my interest in the composer, and we spent the day looking for Warlock's traces. We went to Tite Street to see the house where Warlock died, and it had been bombed flat away. We

visited The Duke of Wellington, where Warlock had his drink with the van Dierens. The pub swarmed with Pensioners in red coats. Nobody there remembered him. It seemed to me one more strange event in my contact with Warlock that, although Paul Le May was over flying age, he joined a bomber mission the following morning and did not come back.

The question of suicide is more interesting where Warlock is concerned than it is with Revelstoke. Warlock left us a legacy, and we are in his debt. He composed the "Capriol" suite, "The Curlew," "Balulalow," "The Fox," "Sleep," "Corpus Christi" and the macabre dirges from John Webster: "Call for the Robin Redbreast and the Wren," and, for the shrouding of the Duchess of Malfi, "Hark Now Everything Is Still." I never hear his music without being sorry that I cannot thank him.

A few years ago, my wife asked me to buy Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son as a birthday present for a godson, and I tried Brentano's. "Oh," said the salesman, "we wouldn't have anything like that. Why don't you try the Gotham Book Mart?" The Gotham had it. But before leaving Brentano's, I searched the basement, which has since become the center for paperback books in New York. I chanced on a two-volume translation of the *Ramayana*, by Shudha Mazumdar, published in the series Bhavan's Book University, Bombay, 1953.

Knowing next to nothing about the sacred Hindu writings, I was unprepared for the arcs of imagination which these legends describe. European legend seems to me careful by comparison. Nor is the *Ramayana* like such Chinese legends as I know, which may seem simple, but are not. The first time I met Professor Chiang Yee, author of "The Silent Traveller" series, he told me this Chinese story: There was a girl, and she wanted to be a horse. So she was a horse. A prince saw her in the field and thought that he had never seen so beautiful a horse. He bought her and took her to his stables. He rode her every day. But she got tired of being a horse. She wanted to be a girl again. So she was a girl, and the prince married her.

The *Ramayana's* stories are not like this. They are not economical. They are outsize. The *Ramayana* is extravagant, magnificent, superhu-

man, outrageous, measured against our North American folk tales. Mike Fink, Paul Bunyan and Billy the Kid have not had time to grow even to the size of Hercules and Ulysses, Woden and Thor; yet European myth seems wizened alongside the *Ramayana*.

Among a hundred things, the *Ramayana* tells of the long war between Rama, incarnation of Krishna, and Ravana, king of the demons, who has stolen Rama's wife Sita. It is a narrative of prodigies. Ravana has wounded Rama's brother, Lakshmana, to the death. Lakshmana cannot survive the night, unless, says Rama's physician Sushena, there can be brought from Mount Gandha-madan a golden creeper with blue flowers and a red stem. If the sun rises before the golden creeper is procured, Lakshmana will die. Rama assigns Hanuman, the monkey god, to bring the golden creeper. The huge six-peaked mountain is at a vast distance. The task is impossible. Nonetheless, Hanuman inflates his body, spreads his ears and flies.

He locates the mountain. He searches for the golden creeper, and he cannot find it. The sun is about to rise. He tucks the sun under his armpit, uproots the mountain, and flies with the mountain, its creatures, and its people back to Rama. Bowing low, Hanuman says to Rama that with his animal intelligence he has not been able to find the golden creeper, but that he has brought the mountain. By its smell, Sushena quickly finds the golden creeper and heals Lakshmana. Then something happens which is even less Western. Rama commands Hanuman to take the mountain back. Once more Hanuman inflates himself, spreads his ears, and flies to replace the mountain. He returns to Rama. Rama asks what that is which shines under Hanuman's armpit. Hanuman raises his arm, and the day dawns.

I leave out a great deal, but the paraphrase may suggest the scope of narrative invention. This order of effect cannot be had in painting or on the stage, and not by motion pictures. It can be brought off only with words. I have not used the words of Mrs. Mazumdar's translation, which have about them an ease and a nobility which give the book conviction. No isolated quotation will help. One must have the luxuriant context to feel the force of any passage.

After incredible battles and exploits, the war is ending. The demon king Ravana lies dying.

Rama sends his brother to Ravana to find out what the evil one would have to say to Rama at the end of a wicked life. Ravana says:

If thou wishest to do any good work, do not delay, but do it at once, otherwise it will be difficult to achieve thy task . . . A good deferred may never be done . . . Each day I set aside my plan to be dealt with the following day, and the work was never done—good desires ought to be speedily fulfilled.

Having followed Rama through two volumes, I felt myself constrained to write Shudha Mazumdar and tell her what her translation meant to me. She replied with graciousness and I think that she would like to convert me to Hinduism. If she did, it would be no more and no less probable than what Hanuman did with Mount Gandha-madan.

Mrs. Mazumdar has recently sent me a cloth-bound one-volume edition of her translation published by Orient Longmans in 1958, and I have been rereading it with admiration. The translation ought to have an American publisher.

In 1930, a friend named Geis, from an Oklahoma German family, and I spent the summer bicycling in Europe: Hamburg to Berlin, Frankfurt-am-Main, Luxembourg, Paris, Calais, channel steamer to Dover, then London, Oxford, and Southampton. We had no money and slept in a pup tent, except when we were in Berlin, Paris and London. On arrival in New York, my only luggage a blanket roll tied over my shoulder, the customs inspector asked whether I had anything to declare. Yes, I said, a book which could not be bought in the United States. "Is it a dirty book?" said the inspector. I said no, and that I would rather not tell him what it was; but that it meant a good deal to me.

"Well," he said, "if it means that much to you, I won't ask to see it."

It was *Ulysses*, the only present I had brought back for myself, bound in the paper that Sylvia Beach calls "the lovely blue of the color of the Greek flag." Miss Beach had taken endless pains to procure that paper for the only book published by "Shakespeare and Company," the name of her Paris bookshop and the title of her 1959 book (Harcourt Brace). The people in it are named Joyce, Hemingway, Pound, Shaw, Stein, and the like. As they stroll in and out of Miss Beach's life, one sees them plain, less in the

fine photographs than in what she writes about them, with her clear recall.

Since *Shakespeare and Company* contains the story of how she published Joyce's *Ulysses*, it takes for that reason alone a place in literary history. But the book offers more: for example, the evocation of Hemingway when young, with his generous talent for friendship. Miss Beach makes distinct her view that it was Ernest Hemingway (not Gertrude Stein) who taught himself to write like Hemingway.

Of her first meeting in 1920 with Joyce, she writes:

We shook hands; that is, he put his limp, boneless hand in my tough little paw—if you can call that a handshake. He was of medium height, thin, slightly stooped, graceful . . . His eyes, a deep blue, with the light of genius in them, were extremely beautiful. I noticed, however, that the right eye had a slightly abnormal look and that the right lens of his glasses was thicker than the left. His hair was thick, sandy-colored, wavy, and brushed back from a high, lined forehead over his tall head . . . His skin was fair, with a few freckles, and rather flushed. On his chin was a sort of goatee. His nose was well-shaped, his lips narrow and fine-cut. I thought he must have been very handsome as a young man.

This might have been, spectacles omitted, the model for Modigliani's 1917 "Portrait of a Man in a Hat."

Not everyone felt about *Ulysses* as I do. Sylvia Beach reports that Ezra Pound wrote George Bernard Shaw asking him to subscribe to *Ulysses*, and that Shaw replied, "Do I have to like everything you like, Ezra?"

Since I do not know what Pound said next, call me Ezra. No, G.B.S., you do not have to like everything I like. But since you are my friend, I enjoy introducing you to friends I have made by reading; you do not have to like them. Some are exigent, and some are easy, remaining unchanged from our last encounter, even though that may have been years ago.

I like to have by me books to be dipped into. One now is *Around Theatres*, the dramatic and literary essays Max Beerbohm chose from what he wrote for the London *Saturday Review* over a twelve-year period, starting in 1898. Simon and Schuster republished it in 1954. Beerbohm writes about Sarah Bernhardt as Hamlet in French, or *Alice in Wonderland* staged with cos-

tumes designed from the Tenniel drawings, or Coquelin dying before he got the chance to play "Chantecler." The justness of Beerbohm's wit, his fearless judgment, and his style, urbane as it is plain, can humble me on any of 579 pages.

In 1953, I met Sir Max, as he had been for some while, in Rapallo, and asked him how to pronounce the given name of his heroine Zuleika Dobson. His reply was characteristic. "Zul-IKE-a," he said promptly in his deepest register, "as in 'I Like Ike.'"

On the next-to-last page of *Around Theatres*, Beerbohm says, "Writing has always been uphill work to me, mainly because I am cursed with an acute literary conscience. To seem to write with ease and delight is one of the duties which a writer owes to his readers, to his art." Sir, you did that.

My other dipping book is *Aubrey's Brief Lives*, edited by Oliver Lawson Dick (Secker and Warburg, 1949). Sir John Aubrey died in 1697. The *Lives* are not biographies, but the mixture of observation, hearsay, malice, gossip, anecdote and invention which Aubrey chose to concoct. Mr. Lawson Dick provides compact biographical sketches to precede each Aubrey "Life." He prefaces the book with a biography of Aubrey which will be hard to better. Any further edition of the *Brief Lives* would seem to me impertinent. I met Oliver Lawson Dick when he was in the RAF in World War II. He managed to get enough free time after the war to edit Aubrey. It was Aubrey who rediscovered, in fact almost discovered, the great rude stone and earthwork monument of Avebury in Wiltshire, which is more awesome than Stonehenge, and a mystery unsolved so far.

Says Aubrey of Raleigh: "He had that awfulness and ascendancy in his Aspect over other mortalls . . . And . . . he had a wonderfull waking spirit, and a great judgement to guide it." Again:

Sir Walter Raleigh, being invited to dinner with some great person, where his son was to goe with him: He sayd to his Son, Thou art such a quarrelsome, affronting creature that I am ashamed to have such a Beare in my Company. Mr. Walt humbled himselfe to his Father, and promised he would behave himselfe mightily mannerly . . . He sate next to his Father and was very demure at leaste halfe dinner time. Then sayd he, I this morning, not having the feare of God before my eies, but by the instigation of the devill, went to a Whore. I was

very eager of her, kissed and embraced her, and went to enjoy her, but she thrust me from her, and vowed I should not, *For your father lay with me but an hower ago*. Sir Walt, being so strangely supprized and putt out of his countenance at so great a Table, gives his son a damned blow over the face; his son, as rude as he was, would not strike his father, but strikes over the face of the Gentleman that sate next to him, and sayed, *Box about, 'twill come to my Father anon*. 'Tis now a common used Proverb.

In 1680, and at other times, Aubrey specified what he wanted on his tombstone. In addition to his coat of arms, he wished the stone to record that his family bore arms, and that he was a fellow of the Royal Society, which he helped

found: "Armiger;" "R. S." By March of 1960 there should have been a plaque two feet square in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene at Oxford with Aubrey's design incised, as he drew it. Oliver Lawson Dick arranged the memorial. Aubrey's grave is as yet unknown.



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BEFORE THE HOUSE

THE BRITANNICA

ROBERT HUTCHINS & HARVEY EINBINDER

It is too bad that before printing his article "A Straight Look at the Encyclopaedia Britannica" in your Winter issue, you or Dr. Harvey Einbinder did not show his paper to somebody who knows something about how the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is edited.

If this had been done, Dr. Einbinder's article could not have been written. He might in fact have been moved to quite different conclusions.

He might have asked who formulates the editorial policies of the *Britannica*. The answer is the Board of Editors, of which I have been chairman for twelve years. The other members are former Senator William Benton; Norman Cousins; Sir Geoffrey Crowther; Clifton Fadiman; Professor Richard P. McKeon; David Owen, Executive Chairman of the Technical Assistance Board of the United Nations; Professor Thomas Park, President-elect of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; George N. Shuster; Adlai Stevenson; and Ralph W. Tyler, Director of the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences. These men meet regularly for intensive two-day sessions devoted to the discussion of policies and plans for the long-term development of the *Britannica* and immediate editorial problems of the sort Dr. Einbinder implies are left unexamined. The board's existence is an expression of the *Britannica's* constant concern for the maintenance of its editorial traditions.

How are the editorial policies recommended by the board carried out? Specifically, this is the job of the *Britannica's* editorial staff of 225 in England and the United States. Under the direction of John V. Dodge as executive editor, this staff works closely with 160 advisers, each of whom is an acknowledged authority in the field for which he is responsible. The advisers are selected in consultation with the members of a committee of the faculty of the University of Chicago of which Professor Park is chairman. No article goes into the set until it has first received the specific approval of an adviser. One thing can be said with certainty, and that

is that the *Britannica* reflects modern scholarship. In the 1960 edition there are articles by forty winners of the Nobel Prize.

What are the revisions recently made or now going on? If Dr. Einbinder had inquired, he would have discovered that the number of words revised in the 1960 printing was 7,250,000, the rough equivalent of seventy books of the ordinary size. In the ten years from 1950 to 1959 inclusive, 34,000,000 words were revised in 49,000 articles. The total number of words in the *Britannica* is 40,000,000; the total number of articles is 42,000; many articles during the ten years referred to were revised several times.

Dr. Einbinder disparages only 90 of the *Britannica's* 42,000 articles, although it is not impossible that there are others which he might consider worthy of censure. Of these ninety, thirteen have been revised since 1940. In the 1960 printing, nine of the articles specifically mentioned by Dr. Einbinder have been completely rewritten or substantially revised, along with scores of others which he has not. If Dr. Einbinder had asked, he could have found out about these changes.

What is an encyclopaedia? Dr. Einbinder appears to think that it is a combination of classical articles and a daily newspaper. He wants literary distinction and current information. Every encyclopaedia editor wants literary distinction, and the Board of Editors of the *Britannica* has spent more time on this subject than on any other. No encyclopaedia editor in his senses, however, would try to compete with *The New York Times* or *Time* magazine. I find it [extraordinary] that Dr. Einbinder makes no reference to the *Britannica Book of the Year*, issued annually by the Company to help *Britannica* owners keep up to date. The *Book of the Year*, by the way, contained an article on the Dead Sea Scrolls in 1956. That article served to keep *Britannica* owners up to date on that particular subject until the appearance, in the 1960 printing of the *Britannica*, of Millar Burrows' major article on the topic.

Is the *Britannica* perfect? Certainly not. When the editor of the Third Edition had finished his labors, he took pains to point out in his preface that despite the great attention and industry that had gone into it, he was more aware than any of his readers could ever be that "the work passes from our hands in a state far from perfection." The Board of Editors and the editorial staff are spending a good deal of time, effort and money on improving the *Britannica* every year. If Dr. Einbinder had

taken a less superficial, and somewhat straighter, look at the *Britannica*, he would have been impressed by the work that is being done to maintain and to raise, if possible, the standards of a great institution.

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS
Chairman, Board of Editors
The Encyclopaedia Britannica
Chicago, Illinois

Harvey Einbinder writes:

Dr. Hutchins in his letter makes no effort to dispute my factual findings. Rather he claims: "One thing can be said with certainty, and that is that the *Britannica* reflects modern scholarship." Yet the 1960 edition (the newest) contains articles on major literary and artistic figures reprinted from the Ninth Edition and written seventy-one to eighty-five years ago; and it contains a large number of entries taken from the Eleventh Edition of 1911 which perpetrate antiquated intellectual and critical ideas. A great deal of the elaborate program of revision for which Dr. Hutchins has given such impressive statistics consists in merely cutting and patching old entries, adding a few lines here and there, to bring them "up-to-date."

The article on the Dead Sea Scrolls noted by Dr. Hutchins appeared in the 1958, not the 1956, *Book of the Year*—eleven years after the discovery of the Scrolls. The article lacks a bibliography that would serve as a useful guide to the vast literature on the Dead Sea Scrolls because bibliographies are not included in the *Book of the Year*, which is essentially a journalistic production, and not a work of scholarship.

Dr. Hutchins makes no attempt to defend Mr. Benton's practice of making bold public statements advocating greater monetary rewards for scientists and educators while privately paying contributors 2 cents a word as publisher of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Dr. Hutchins says nothing about the morality of an organization that pays such a niggardly rate to contributors while *Britannica* salesmen earn \$20,000 and district sales managers \$70,000 a year. Presumably Dr. Hutchins' silence means that he and his colleagues endorse the principle that scientists and scholars should donate their services to the *Britannica*, while salesmen and executives reap the benefits from its current financial success.

Dr. Hutchins regrets I did not show my paper to somebody who knows how the *Britannica* is edited; he claims if this had been done, my article could not have been written. Unfortunately for Dr. Hutchins' argument, the *Saturday Review* had a copy of a similar article by me, "Outmoded Critical Views in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*" in its files for eight months—from February 18 to October 1, 1959. The editor of the *Saturday Review*, Norman Cousins, told me he was extremely impressed by this article, but that he could not publish it because he was attempting to institute a thorough reform of the *Encyclopaedia's* editorial organization. But he insisted that I write for the *Saturday Review*. As a result of his request, I prepared a critique of the *Encyclopaedia of World Art* which served as the feature article in the *Saturday Review's* Reference Book Issue of March 19, 1960. Mr. Cousins would hardly have given me this

assignment if he were not impressed with my criticism of the *Britannica*.

Dr. Hutchins appears to have great faith in the ability of the Board of Editors to formulate long-range policies and deal with immediate editorial problems during intensive two-day sessions. However, he does not explain how any group of men can intelligently guide the destinies of an encyclopedia unless they are intimately aware of its contents. It can easily be demonstrated that Board members do not possess such knowledge. A single example may suffice.

Radioactive fallout has been an issue of grave international concern ever since twenty-three Japanese fishermen were poisoned by radioactive debris in the Pacific six years ago. Norman Cousins, as co-chairman of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, has been an active and energetic leader in the campaign to warn the nation of the serious dangers of continued nuclear bomb tests. The subject is obviously of great importance, yet there seems to be nothing of substance on radioactive fallout or strontium-90 in the 1960 *Britannica*.

Adlai Stevenson, who has been a member of the *Encyclopaedia's* Board of Editors since 1955, made the cessation of hydrogen bomb testing a major issue in his 1956 Presidential campaign. On October 15th he promised that if he were elected, his first order of business would be to seek world agreement to halt bomb tests because they released "something called strontium-90, which is the most dreadful poison in the world." Yet I could find no information about fallout or strontium-90 in the 1960 *Britannica*, despite the 7,250,000 words that have been revised for this edition.

The *Book of the Year* virtually passes over the ominous effects of radioactive fallout. The 1959 volume contains a photograph of Linus Pauling and Edward Teller debating whether the United States should continue testing nuclear weapons, but the accompanying text fails to explain the issues behind the debate. The 1960 volume disregards the wide differences of opinion expressed by leading scientists on the dangers of radioactive fallout. Instead it accepts without question the optimistic claim of the AEC that the effects of strontium-90 are insignificant compared with those of other sources of radiation.

Apparently Mr. Cousins and Mr. Stevenson, as busy public personalities, have not discovered that fallout and strontium-90 are ignored in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and, in my view, confidently dismissed in the *Book of the Year*. If Mr. Cousins and Mr. Stevenson have never noticed this failure to deal adequately with an issue which has been intimately associated with their public careers, are they likely to find time to evaluate the *Britannica's* deficiencies in the fields of art, literature, history, music, and archeology?

Dr. Hutchins is quite right in claiming that my look at the *Britannica* was superficial. It only mentioned ninety articles in a brief six-page essay. At best, it merely noted a few of the *Encyclopaedia's* glaring faults. This shortcoming will soon be rectified. I am now writing a book, *The Myth of the Britannica*, which will demonstrate how an inadequate reference work has been elevated into a national legend. Its findings should come as a surprise

to those who believe in this "great institution," not as a result of first-hand study, but because of the exaggerated claims of promoters and publicists.

PUBLISH AND PERISH

KENNETH EBLE

The scholarly journal and its near kin, the literary quarterly and the review—low on pay, long on accepted manuscripts, slow on publication, and short on readers—are as conspicuous a part of the academic scene as the parking lot. There are somewhat fewer of them than foreign cars, and fewer still give as much satisfaction. As more such journals appear, it becomes obvious that too many get published and too few get read or invite reading.

Magazines of all kinds multiply at a startling rate. The Union List of New Serial Titles since 1949 is roughly half the size of the *complete* Union List of Serials to 1940. Those periodicals directly and even loosely connected with universities account for only a small proportion of this huge total, but it is reasonable to estimate that the number of scholarly periodicals has doubled in the past ten years.

Bibliographies indicate the magnitude of academic publishing today. Check lists grow longer not only because of new publications but because of the scholar's penchant for neglecting nothing. In 1955, the Modern Language Association, the largest learned society concerned with the humanities, compiled its annual bibliography from 148 periodicals. In 1956, this list was expanded to include 1,000 periodicals in eight languages. In American literature alone, the number of publications being checked in 1950 was 84. The number now is about 375.

This expansion can be explained as a consequence of the growth of higher education, of research, of knowledge of all kinds. A less elevating explanation, but one which sheds light on the nature of scholarly publishing, is that professors *must* publish. The result is God's plenty and God-awful. Great ideas no longer die aborning—they perish from a surfeit of print. The academic newsstand has become as glorious an exhibit of an abundant culture as Sunday afternoon TV.

To any scholarly writer or editor with less than total and continuing confidence in the worth of everything he writes or publishes, the ceaseless flow of manuscripts in the academic market must be unsettling. They pile

up on the editors' desks. They accumulate in the scholars' desk drawers. Their eventual publication does not so much reveal the refinement possible to the human mind as it discloses the crude centrifugal force which manuscripts generate going from journal to journal and being finally thrown off at one place or another.

In September 1957, the *Publications of the Modern Language Association* reported 244 manuscripts submitted in the first six months of that year. Twelve were accepted. One hundred and twenty-five were rejected out of hand. Eighty were still being read. *PMLA*, more efficient in handling manuscripts than most journals, carries a regular backlog of material for twelve months. The lag between acceptance of an article and its appearance in a learned journal varies from a few months (rare) to a few years (common). The record for authorial patience, as far as I know, is held by the scholar who wrote to *PMLA* that another journal had kept one of his manuscripts for eight years and kept another for four. Both were rejected.

Such delays may seem to justify the appearance of new journals to reduce the backlog. But no new journal for long performs such a service. If it survives, it soon begins to build up a backlog of its own. Much of this stockpiling is hedging against an uncertain future, that week or that month when no manuscripts come in or no manuscripts better than those which aren't worth printing unless nothing better comes in. What does get published is a pretty mixed lot. Pedantry, part-time editing, and the narrowness of editorial views foster magazines which are pedantic, indifferently edited, and narrowly conceived.

In defense of their offspring, editors bewail the ineptitude of the scholarly writer. The writer replies that since he is forced to publish, is paid in prestige, and receives reprints at his own expense, his writing is as good as the journals have a right to expect. Editors who lament the absence of style have in mind some kind of grand magazine which speaks gracefully to a large audience with as consuming an interest in the poetry of Wallace Stevens as in the identification of Caleb, Nadab, and Shimei. Neither the magazine nor the audience exists.

Both writers and editors recognize the dubious quality of much that is printed, but they seem committed to the belief that too many journals are better than too few. Readers, it should be acknowledged, have done their best to dispel this notion by steadfastly refusing to subscribe to very many academic publications. This benign refusal is unselective—a good periodical is as likely to perish as a mediocre one—and though a quarterly now and then gives up the struggle, two others spring up in its place.

What can be done? How can we get fewer publications, and more publications that are good? Shall we get an enlightened FCC to watch over publishing? If we did, its first act would be to establish a journal. Men will write. And women. Praise their work and they'll send it to a magazine. Sneer at it and they'll start one of their own. Hang the promotions of college teachers on how much they publish and a pernicious inclination becomes a malignant necessity.

Assistant professor of English at the University of Utah, Kenneth Eble holds a Ph.D. from Columbia University. His essays have appeared in The American Scholar.

Facing these facts, one concludes that present efforts to keep up with the multiplying journals are misdirected and therefore futile. For the scholar, bibliographies lead to more bibliographies; abstracts spawn journals of abstracts. For the general reader, a well-intentioned magazine like *Best Articles and Stories* puts articles he hasn't had time to read into a periodical he won't get around to reading. *Abstracts of the Best* and *Best of the Abstracts* are the most that can be hoped for from these endeavors.

Perhaps (to use a staple of academic writing) it's time to attack the problem at its source. The university community might begin by creating appropriate honors for those who have impressively not written articles on subjects not worth writing about. The Pulitzer Prize committee might be persuaded to grant an annual award to the best publication which refrained from publishing. We in the universities might try to qualify our praise of the printed page, even at the risk of allying ourselves with the many who are suspicious of most books and of all magazines without pictures. If we would have our published work read with respect, we may have to instill in our students and ourselves a proper regard for the profundity of the unpublished thought, the poetry of the blank page, the literature of the empty folio.

LADY C: A PROTEST

JOSEPH B. ULLMAN & LEO HAMALIAN

It is a surprise and a disappointment to read, in your otherwise consistently excellent publication, a purportedly objective history of the "Lady Chatterley" controversy so full of errors, inaccuracies and innuendoes as Leo Hamalian's article in the Winter issue. Having been very close to some of the events in the story as counsel for New American Library, which publishes two paperback editions of the book, I feel that the damaging and distorted picture painted by Mr. Hamalian of my client's role in the matter calls for some correction.

(1) NAL has been associated with the publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* since 1946. At that time, the only version of Lawrence's final work published or permitted in this country was Alfred A. Knopf's expurgated edition, printed directly from the plates of the British edition and authorized by written contract dated January 30, 1932 with Frieda Lawrence and the D. H. Lawrence Estate. NAL reprinted Knopf's edition, to which it acquired full contract rights on July 17, 1946.

Mr. Hamalian creates the impression, without precisely saying so, that NAL's reprint is its own "cut version," from which long passages "have been rooted out." Not true! It is a "complete and unabridged reprint of" the Knopf edition—the only "authorized American edi-

tion"—and was consistently so characterized either in its front matter or on its cover, or both, from its first publication in 1946 until publication of an unexpurgated edition by NAL in 1959, authorized by Frieda Lawrence's estate. . . .

(2) Hamalian is right in saying that what happened between Frieda Lawrence and Grove Press is—or was—beclouded and controversial. Happily the dust of controversy has so far settled that the matter is only of academic interest. However, he makes the specific statement that "the agent of the Lawrence estate granted Grove permission to publish a cloth edition." Again not true! The American agent of the estate did not grant and in any case had no power to grant any such permission, and Mr. Laurence Pollinger, the literary executor of the estate in London, has consistently refused to license Grove on the terms Grove offers. Grove published without permission, relying on earlier informal expressions of gratification by Frieda, actually disavowed by Pollinger, then her literary agent, during her lifetime with her knowledge and consent—and relying also on the fact that the book is in the public domain in the United States. Negotiations between Grove and Pollinger are at this writing still going on, looking toward the ultimate ratification of Grove's publication.

I do not intend to derogate from Grove's courage in bringing the unexpurgated edition to the American public in the face of old taboos. It is nevertheless a fact that Grove published without any contractual authorization. Thus Knopf's old edition of the abbreviated version remained "the authorized American edition."

(3) Hamalian says that "NAL, staging a holding action while preparing its own 'authorized' uncut edition, implied on the title page of its earlier abridged edition that it was 'complete' and 'approved by Lawrence himself.'" This sentence is full of unwarranted innuendoes. Actually the legends on NAL's cover and title page were verbatim the same as they had appeared on every new printing of its edition for at least ten years. The statement that it was a "complete and unabridged reprint of the authorized American edition" was true when first made and still true after Grove's publication of its hard cover edition without contractual authorization.

(4) Hamalian's use of quotation marks around "authorized" is an oblique charge that there is no proper foundation for NAL's claim of authorization for its later unexpurgated edition. NAL holds a written contract with the Frieda Lawrence estate dated August 10, 1959 specifically licensing its unexpurgated edition on a regular royalty basis . . .

(5) In the same off-hand manner, Hamalian slurs NAL's claim that its old edition was approved by Lawrence. This is an issue which has never been settled beyond doubt, but so much is established—that Lawrence, unable to bring himself personally to abridge the book, turned it over to Secker, his London publisher, for abridgement—that the abridgement was authorized and approved by his estate and publicly praised by Frieda Lawrence—that when NAL first acquired rights to the book in 1946 it was told that Lawrence had approved the abridgement and had no reason to question that state-

ment either then or later—that at the height of the controversy with Grove, Pollinger, who, besides being Frieda Lawrence's agent and literary executor, had for many years been her husband's literary agent as well, expressly confirmed to NAL that the abridgement had been approved by Lawrence. NAL then believed and still believes that the claim is true, though it now seems impossible to document it fully.

(6) Nor was NAL's continued distribution of its earlier edition in any sense a "holding action." The book had then already been through eleven previous printings, including two in 1957 and two in 1958. It had been on NAL's schedule for a mid-1959 reprint since the previous fall. At the time the 1959 rerun came off the press, NAL had in fact not yet decided to issue an unexpurgated edition but made that determination only when later apprised of the forthcoming publication of competitive paperback editions both by Pocket Books and Grove.

(7) Hamalian makes one unequivocal statement of which the most charitable thing that can be said is that he lies under a mistake. He states that "On July 31 NAL was ordered by the State Supreme Court to label its abridged edition appropriately." This is absolutely untrue. The Supreme Court, ruling upon Grove's motion for a preliminary injunction against NAL's continued publication of its old edition, held on August 6th, in its only pronouncement on the controversy, that such injunction should be denied . . .

(8) On the subject of "commercial hitchhiking" Hamalian again slurs without giving the lie direct, when he says, "NAL denied the accusation, of course." Well, of course! . . . Only when it learned that both Pocket Books and Grove were about to bring out paperbacks, did NAL proceed with publication of its reprint of the unexpurgated edition. It signed its contract with the estate, paid a substantial cash advance and has since paid additional royalties to the estate. No other American publisher of the unexpurgated edition has obtained a license from the estate and paid royalties. I do not argue that the other publishers were acting illegally, since there appears to be no valid US copyright, but when names are being called NAL's actions should be given their proper frame of reference . . .

Palpably damaging misstatements should not be given the imprimatur of the COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FORUM without investigation. Mr. Hamalian may perhaps be excused for some of his errors, since they echo the widely circulated and unquestionably effective but partisan advertising of Grove Press, as well as editorial comment of *Publishers' Weekly* which was based on inadequate and partially incorrect factual data. It would seem to me, however, that it is the province of an editor to see that the facts are correctly reported, despite which no inquiry was ever made of NAL . . . I think both author and editor owe NAL an apology.

JOSEPH B. ULLMAN
1936, Law

Leo Hamalian writes:

Where etiquette includes calm, Mr. Ullman's objections to my article might have called for a

brief paragraph, instead of a waspish complaint almost as long as the piece it abuses. But I have no temptation to reply in kind to Mr. Ullman's language and logic, and I will instead address myself to his specific allegations, without, I hope, resorting to either magniloquent rage or magniloquent righteousness. There is enough in his letter for both of us and some left over for the FORUM's editor.

I am accused (1) of creating the impression that NAL's reprint is its own "cut version" of an already abridged *Lady Chatterley*. If I had wanted to say that NAL had castrated a castrate, I would have said so. The passage in question read, "From these plates [the Secker abridgement] Knopf published the American edition and ultimately sold the rights to the paperback firm, New American Library. In thirteen years, NAL has sold nearly two million copies of their inexpensive paperback in this country—a cut version (startlingly similar to Roth's hatchet job) in which passages from a paragraph to a chapter in length, totalling one hundred pages, had been rooted out," etc. My statement goes on to describe further the abridged edition (which distorts the original, but through no fault of NAL), as was quite clear to all readers but those with legal training. I also said that Frieda Lawrence approved of the abridgement and that in many places today it is the only one sold or read. Mr. Ullman repeats in his own words what I had already said as though I had not said it.

I nowhere stated (2) that the American agent of the Lawrence estate gave Grove permission to publish. On the other hand, what I should have said was, "The agent of the Lawrence estate wanted to grant Grove permission to publish a cloth edition only," etc. Actually, Grove rejected Pollinger's offer, which did not include rights for a paperback. In effect, the terms would have allowed another publisher to issue a cheap competitor at any time if the Grove cloth edition proved successful. Accepting such a contract would have been like buying the Brooklyn Bridge.

My allusion to a "holding action" (6) requires amplification that space did not permit (no excuse, of course, for ambiguity of expression). After the Grove version appeared, NAL reissued large numbers of newly-printed copies of its abridged edition carrying the statement, "This book is a complete reprint of the authorized American edition approved by Lawrence himself and originally published by Alfred A. Knopf." Why doesn't Mr. Ullman quote it all? To an already bewildered public, and especially to those who knew only that *Lady Chatterley* was now available uncut, this statement suggested that the book was the full, definitive, and unexpurgated edition. I bought a copy under this impression, and according to *The New York Times*, so did many other people. But it takes great gall, in light of Lawrence's own statements ("The book bleeds"), to assert that Lawrence approved of the abridgement (5). Others beside myself, including many Lawrence scholars, would like to see evidence to support NAL's claim.

That the State Supreme Court did not order NAL to label the abridged edition as "expurgated" is true (7); I was misled.

My quotation marks around *authorized* (4) imply no slur, but merely indicate that the question of whose edition was "authorized" was moot at the time. Nor are the quotation marks (8) around *commercial hitch-hiking* (a phrase coined by Grove Press) fraught with the significance Mr. Ullman finds in them. By his own interpretation of quotation marks, any slur intended (none was) would be against Grove Press. Surely Mr. Ullman is not defending Grove against my wicked punctuation?

Also, Grove paid royalties (8) to Alan C. Collins, the US representative of Pollinger, in June of 1959, less than a month after the book appeared. Collins still holds that payment and will doubtless keep it until the differences between Pollinger and Grove are resolved. Further royalties are being held in a separate account pending this settlement of differences.

Last of all, Mr. Ullman asserts "no inquiry was ever made of New American Library." This is not true. While gathering material, I inquired for information at NAL three times. Twice I was told that the editors were busy; on the third occasion, I was promised the information I asked for. After waiting two weeks, I received a release announcing the NAL-Grove legal settlement, but got nothing related to the information I had requested. I went ahead with my piece, basing the final portion upon such generally reliable sources as *The New York Times* and *Publishers' Weekly* and upon several interviews granted by Grove Press.

Mr. Ullman has pointed out two errors in all that space. Insofar as his letter clarifies two minor points of a controversy that was handled with a genius for obfuscation from beginning to end, it may be welcomed by all readers interested in the sad spectacle. But its tone leads one to suspect that it was motivated by a passion for something less commendable than clarification.

THE UNHEARD DEBATE

STEPHEN P. DUNN

The current debate on the testing and disposition of atomic weapons gives us a striking example of the distortion of what used, before McCarthy, to be considered normal modes of political thought and behavior. There's a debate going on, sure enough, but no one would guess from listening to it that the future existence of Man on earth might well depend on its out-

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come.

The negotiations at Geneva are being conducted, and discussed here, as if they were an exercise in pure diplomacy, an international parlor-game whose object is to score points off the other side rather than to achieve concrete results. (Even on this assumption, we aren't conducting ourselves in the manner best calculated to win the game.) Some of the same spirit has also gotten into the statistical duels being fought in the correspondence columns of the press, and in various learned forums, between proponents and opponents of continued testing. Whenever the opponents come up with some particularly horrendous set of figures, Dr. Teller and his like eagerly go to work to discredit them without bothering to enquire into the merits of the case. The whole procedure resembles nothing so much as a fairly typical, fairly bloodthirsty academic seminar, and the public at large—even when serious-minded—regards it quite naturally with bland indifference. Both citizens and officials seem willing and able to generate a good deal more genuine heat over, say, fluoridation of the water supply, or the daytime use of night sticks by the police—issues, one might venture to guess, of rather less importance than that of atomic testing. On the same day that the Supreme Court declined to hear an appeal by the skipper of the ketch *Golden Rule*—who tried to sail his vessel into the Eniwetok proving grounds (in international waters) and was summarily arrested by the AEC—it agreed to decide whether, in a suit at admiralty law, written depositions could take the place of oral testimony.

In this connection, it's instructive and—up to a point—encouraging to note the career of what seems to be one of the few viable and reasonably active citizen organizations concerned with the question of nuclear testing. The Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy advocates an immediate and complete ban on atomic tests under some enforceable agreement, cessation of the manufacture of atomic bombs, destruction of those already stockpiled, and so forth. It has been operating for about two years in the long-standing and highly respectable tradition of democratic agitation: letters and advertisements in the press, communications to public figures, speakers at meetings, distribution of literature, and all the rest. Its program contains nothing intrinsically radical—nothing, even, which would be subject to political dispute by normal standards. Its methods, likewise, are not controversial: it doesn't engage in dramatic and colorful "stunts" like that of the *Golden Rule*. Yet up to now the results of the Committee's activity appear meager. In the present superheated atmosphere, the public image which it presents is that of an isolated group of cranks. This image has, I repeat, nothing whatever to do with its character.

Actually there are as many different kinds of people represented in the Committee as there are in its opposition—which clearly would range all the way from Harry Truman and Dean Acheson to the American Legion. The Committee simply proceeds from certain facts universally admitted, although variously interpreted: that atomic fallout is positively harmful to all life; that there is now—and probably can be—no adequate defense against

nuclear weapons; that a fraction of the nuclear weapons now stockpiled would be sufficient, if exploded, to make the planet uninhabitable for a considerable time. From these facts it draws the conclusions which—if questions of public policy were ever amenable to logic—would follow logically.

The most remarkable aspect of the whole matter is the absence, from the ranks of the Committee and among those signing petitions and making speeches in support of its stand, of what might be called the median liberals. The median liberal, as I define him, is a person who is willing to alter the status quo in ways which seem to him reasonable, humane and concordant with accepted standards, but who does not characteristically take up extreme positions. In this debate, however, we find him leaving his usual part of the field to extreme pacifists, Christian fanatics and starry-eyed reformers, and, of course, bona fide congenital radicals. This in turn gives the literature of the Committee, and similar groups, a certain shrillness of tone which smacks misleadingly of cowardice and hysteria, and puts the median liberal off.

And where, meanwhile, are the surviving political leaders of the great median liberal movement which began in the Thirties and was brought to a standstill some years ago by the late Senator McCarthy, working in close collaboration with the Cold War? On the issue of nuclear tests, to judge by their statements—or lack of them—these stalwart proponents of civil rights and social welfare are either well to the right of the Administration or else quite unwilling to commit themselves. (I am using the conventional political designations "left" and "right," not in the conventional sense, but merely to indicate those who want the status quo changed and those who don't.) The Democratic Party—going by the recent general policy statement of its Advisory Council (which represents its left wing)—is disinclined to make any time with nuclear issues, or indeed with foreign-policy issues in general, though its Science Advisory Committee has lately tried to nudge it toward a more definite position against testing.

Now we must ask: is the public state of mind just described—in which those who object to atomic testing are made to look like irresponsible cranks—really necessary in the present situation? I submit that it is not. The wisdom of summarily dismissing such an important issue as that of nuclear testing and disposition can at least be questioned. To reach this conclusion we don't even have to consider the moral issue, perhaps not politically relevant, of whether we have the right, in the name of our national security, to pollute the air and endanger the health of other nations at peace with us. There are important practical questions to be considered, particularly in view of what France and Communist China will soon be able to do. The imminence of these questions makes our present manner of debate seem, even at first glance, highly dangerous.

The median liberals are still around; I know quite a few; I think I am one myself—in certain respects, though not in all. One wonders, at this point, whether the median liberals will ever crawl out of their bomb-proof shelters again.

"A HUSH FALLS . . ."

DOUGLAS MOORE

What is the reaction of American audiences to American music? Bad, say the concert managers. The composer himself has no way of knowing. When an American piece is played, there is a spirit of chin-up and boy scout earnestness about the occasion. The composer is treated by everybody with uniform politeness. The orchestra and the conductor are kind. There is always a comfortable amount of applause. The composer is invited to take a bow, and of course that prolongs and enlivens the applause. Afterwards, in the green room, he receives compliments that in his exhilarated state all sound alike.

Next morning he reads the reviews. These are predictable and relate to his standing as a composer. If he is established, they range from cautious praise to the expression of confidence that repeated hearings will establish merits as yet unrevealed. If he is an unknown, there will be mild acceptance at the top and a good hearty panning at the bottom. It is usually reported that the composer acknowledged the applause. I remember a critic who described it as imaginary.

I hesitate to decry politeness. However, there is a difference between politeness which masks strong feeling and that which conceals apathy. I suspect that the latter sort is what is generally offered.

Now, it is altogether too much to hope that someday our concert audiences will bring forth the heartfelt response of gatherings at baseball games or political rallies. I mention these occasions because they demonstrate that the American, when sure of his ground, is not a tame sufferer. We pride ourselves upon outspoken expressions of opinion. The good thing about audible derogation is that it arouses partisanship and controversy. A boo or a Bronx cheer in Carnegie Hall for a new piece by Copland, let us say, would produce indignant cheers from the opposition. Always allowing for the reduction in decibels that the surroundings would indicate, such warfare in the audience would make concerts far livelier—and call attention to the piece.

When Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps" was performed for the first time in Paris in 1913, the audience reacted so violently that the dancers could not hear the orchestra. No one would claim today that this initial reception did any lasting harm to Stravinsky's master-

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piece. I was present at a performance of Poulenc's "Les Mamelles de Tirésias" at the Opera Comique in Paris. The audience didn't like it and kept shouting for the second half of the bill, which was to be "Tosca." Since that time, Poulenc's opera has become an established favorite. Once at the City Center in New York a hardy group of individuals booed Orff's "The Moon." That is the only time I ever heard an American audience express itself unfavorably. It made a dull evening into a lively one.

Perhaps neither American composers nor audiences are sure enough of themselves as yet to warrant entire honesty in the traffic between them. But it would be a sign that the quality of our music really mattered to the public if the dead calm of affability were occasionally stirred by a breeze or two of frank opinion.

MR. BELL AND IDEOLOGY

AN EXCHANGE

Mr. Bell's "The End of Ideology in the West" [Winter 1960] is a prime example of fuzzy writing complicated by wishful thinking. Although I might attack each paragraph in turn, I will here enlarge upon two complaints: (1) He has no clear idea of what ideology is. (2) He is afraid to admit that, far from being ended, ideology in the West is entering a second phase.

Mr. Bell, when he writes about ideology, clearly has "the Russian experience" in mind. It is little wonder that his description is confused: Marx used the term "ideology" to connote the falsely grounded, bourgeois way of thinking. The more practical Lenin used the word to describe, alternately, his own way of thinking and the bourgeois way. To him, there was a contrast. His way, without pat definitions, has become a way of life. "Way of life" is, unfortunately, a description, not a definition. I would like to borrow from my anthropologist colleague Stephen P. Dunn, a definition which fits the Russian case. In his doctoral dissertation, *The Influence of Ideology on Culture Change: Two Test Cases*, Dr. Dunn writes:

For our purposes, an ideology is a system made up of three elements. The first is a *set of sentences*, frequently systematized; another is a *power-group*; the third consists of the *members of a society*. The power-group justifies its power by *appeal to the sentences*, and also interprets them. Members of the society and members of other societies interacting with it are *influenced by decisions made by the power-group*. . . . (Italics mine.)

I do not quarrel with Mr. Bell when he says that

"Ideology is the conversion of ideas into social levers." My quarrel is with his inference that ideology is something bad and his assertion that "few serious minds" believe that social change can be blueprinted and engineered. Dr. Dunn and I are engaged in an extended study of the degree of Russian success in the field of social change. Two things immediately strike us: (1) They have been very successful indeed if one considers the subordination of the desires of the peasant mass to the well-known set of Soviet priorities in heavy industry and science. But (2) they have not been as successful as (by their own standards) they should have been and would have liked to be. The question arises: Why? The answer lies in the *philosophy* of Marxism-Leninism, as distinguished from its ideology.

This philosophy is a materialistic one, and one which believes that there is no such thing as an individual. There is and can be only Man-in-Society, Man in a given context. This philosophy was conceived in revolt against the idea of God, of good in a world which all too obviously was not good. A convinced Marxist-Leninist will assert that he alone is a true humanist, because he believes in Man, and as a trained member of the elite, armed with scientific knowledge of history's laws, he stands ready to give Man all that he needs and desires. And, since all are subordinate to the inexorable, inevitable course of history, a few million dead matter not at all. Because there is no such thing as an individual.

To most Americans this is horrible. To the Soviet ruling elite, this is science, and we make a deadly mistake if we misjudge their seriousness and sincerity. They are genuinely puzzled by the failure of their ideology to move, to convince. It should have. The ruling elite, for forty-three years, has saturated every aspect of life with ideology and philosophy designed to create a New Soviet Man. And the embarrassing truth is: very few people really *care*. The ordinary man certainly does not, although he takes pains not to be found out. The ambitious recognize a social ladder when they see one. Adherence to the line (and one may observe an awesome number of somersaults), faith in the Party, can get a man, if not everything, at least a good deal. The ordinary stubborn peasant has, to a surprising degree, resisted the saturation attempts to change his outlook and spiritual life, although, no doubt, he would welcome, as he has in the past welcomed, a greater number of the good-things-of-life. The embarrassing fact is: this peasant apparently still believes in God, in spite of everything the Soviet State has done for him.

Russian ethnographers, at least, explain the fact away by saying that this "survival" is an attempt to face the greatest events in life—birth, marriage and death—and to mark their occurrence with ceremony. So far, the Party has merely stepped up its anti-religion campaign, and offered prizes to those who can think up the most beautiful ceremonies.

I have meant by the foregoing paragraphs to point to what I think the weak link in the Russian ideology is—its philosophy. But this ideology is far from exhausted, as Mr. Bell claims. It still has much to do, since the

great Russian dream is to overtake and surpass the United States. The pursuit of this dream will take them decades. And in the meantime—in this game of tortoise and hare—where will we be?

Our opportunities today are unique, but we are severely, dangerously hampered by our own legend. We believe that all Americans are prosperous. The Navaho sheep tender wandering barefoot in winter, the migrant worker picking beans for pennies, the cripple in his slum apartment weaving pot-holders for his "living"—these presumably are apparitions to be exorcized with charitable money in appropriate season. We believe that our "way of life" is the best, preferring to believe that water and air pollution, drought, recessions, slums, ignorance, crime, broken lives can be healed by time and "the democratic way." We have even congratulated ourselves no little that we have managed without an ideology. No one group, we say with pride, can speak for all Americans.

And yet, we say, we are the voice of the free world. A significant minority in this country, although Mr. Bell does not think them serious, recognize that we are engaged in an ideological struggle with the Soviet Union for the allegiance of the "underdeveloped countries." Has the ideological age ended, are ideologies exhausted?

I say no—hopefully. We are in a second phase, a transition age about which Mr. Bell is a little ashamed, apprehensive, and embarrassed. We are rich enough, our democratic heritage runs deep enough, for our economy to support the good life for all Americans. We are so rich that we could afford to aid the rest of the world, the Soviet Union included, with "no strings attached." We could even prove the worth of the individual whose very existence Communism denies.

We must have our own ideology, one markedly different from the monolithic conception favored by Communism. Our ideology must be founded on knowledge—of all things and all men. We must forget such intellectual games as the distinction between a scholar and an intellectual—the fascination of which is only rivalled by the medieval preoccupation with the number of angels dancing on the point of a needle. We must know that every living man looks for meaning and his place in life.

The Soviet system has functioned remarkably well on the theory that "the people" must be chained like slaves to the cart of triumphant History, dragging them—all unwilling—to the richer life. The elite have done so well with the system because they know that it is useless to speak of the soul to men who lack bread. But if they have not already reached an impasse, they will soon: men with full bellies can afford to yearn for things of the spirit. But until all men are physically satisfied, the old ideology will not be at an end.

Rather than shying away from ideology and hoping—unreasonably—that it is dead, we should study it carefully and go on from there. We can do so if:

(1) We realize that material progress is not as progressive as we think; that straight lines are circular, as anyone will find who leaves New York to travel over the horizon.

(2) We know, unshakably, that what distinguishes us

is our faith in the individual and our ability to implement faith.

And above all, we must not be ashamed.

ETHEL DUNN
New York City

Before reading far into Daniel Bell's essay, I was forced to stop and consider, and finally to doubt one of his basic premises. Was there really less "breakthrough of the irrational," less "fanaticism, violence, and cruelty" when religion, rather than politics held sway over the world? Did belief in an after-life really make "the domination of others" any less an overwhelming [purpose]? What then are we to make of the crusades in which the extermination of the infidels was all-important, of the inquisition in Spain in which security in the condition of one's own soul did not "displace or disperse" cruel and violent concern with the bodies of *other*-thinking persons? Did "religious devotion and practice" in seventeenth-century Europe limit fanatic persecutions there, or [by] religious devotees in the early Colonies, as soon as they themselves were no longer dissenters, but instead all-powerful? Places and times in which the security of faith allowed its possessors to leave other faiths also secure, such as Roger William's Providence, were rare indeed.

I am led to believe that Mr. Bell's distinction is nonexistent. Or shall we extend the "last century and more," where the author has placed the decline of religious faith, way, way back? Shall we wonder whether in those times when religion doubtless was wide-spread there existed religious faith? If faith ever had the beneficial qualities that the author ascribes to it, when was there such a faith?

CAROL BLICKER GARTNER
Bronx, New York

Daniel Bell writes:

After reading Mrs. Dunn's letter I am tempted to say that one who lives in woolly houses should not throw fuzz, for frankly I find it hard to follow Mrs. Dunn's argument. I don't know in what specific way she is differentiating Lenin's use of ideology from Marx's. Dr. Dunn's definition I find formal and quite ambiguous. Under that definition—that a power-group justifies its power by an appeal to a set of sentences—an Army order is equally an ideology. The paragraphs on Russia are a mish-mash: The Russian leaders presumably believe in ideology; they have been and have not been successful; in any event the problem is really their philosophy; besides which "they are genuinely puzzled by the failure of their ideology to move, to convince," even though they have "saturated every aspect of life with ideology"; and we, too, therefore, must be ideological. But nothing follows from any of these contradictory statements.

Apart from this, my difficulty arises from the fact that none of this really has much to do with what I was writing about, which was that few serious intellectuals in the West any longer believe ideology to be *truth*, and therefore, few have any ideological allegiances; and all this is to the good. For ideological thinking is, essentially, a

trap. It is a trap in several ways. People committed to ideological thought tend to think in all-or-none terms; which is why they can be passionate about their beliefs. And believing in all-or-none fashion, they can simplify ideas; and, therefore, falsify them. Marx wrote, in *The Eighteenth Brumaire*, that "one must not form the narrow-minded idea that the petty-bourgeoisie wants on principle to enforce an egoistic class interest. It believes, rather, that the *special* conditions of its emancipation are the *general* conditions through which alone modern society can be saved and the class struggle avoided." This is ideology: claiming universal validity for particular interests. The unmasking of ideology is in seeing the particular interest in its own proportions.

In short, the end of ideology is the end of extremism, right or left; it is the confrontation of individual issues on their individual merits, rather than from general (and sloganized) formulas. The end of ideology does not mean that one has no values, or beliefs. It simply means that one does not seek to make any set of beliefs apocalyptic, and thus convert ideas into weapons. There are real problems in the world, and problems which call for radical solutions. But I do not think these solutions can be blueprinted. One must be experimental, pragmatic, piecemeal. At home, these are problems of urban sprawl, lack of adequate educational facilities, deficiencies in public services, appalling waste in consumer spending. But ideology, whether socialism, liberalism, or conservatism, gives one only a pat answer to these problems, and this can no longer do. I agree that we are rich enough to aid the rest of the world. India could probably get over the "hump" of industrialization with about a billion dollars a year for investment; and this amount is less than one per cent of our gross national product. We are a privileged nation, endowed, because of the vastness of a rich continent, with extraordinary resources; and because of these natural riches we owe it to ourselves to aid others. But what has all this to do with ideology?

My essay was an epilogue to a long excursus in the history of an idea: the consequences of the commitment to ideological thinking by the nascent intelligentsia of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The problem, as I posed it in one of the essays in my book [*The End of Ideology*, Free Press, Glencoe, Ill. Ed.] was this: "One of the most extraordinary facts in the history of social thought is that the leaders of socialism, from Marx down, sought to win millions of people for the idea of a new society without the slightest thought about the shape of that future society and its problems. In part, these men could do so, confidently, unthinkingly, because of the apocalyptic belief that 'the day after the revolution' rationality would make its heralded appearance on the historical scene and put all society aright." But what followed was terror, coercion, concentration camps and forced industrialization in the name of an abstract ideology. The essay seeks to trace out, in concrete detail, the deceptions, the manderings, the convulsive starts and careening paths of men finding themselves riding the tiger and unable to get off.

For Mrs. Gartner, let me point up some sentences in

the essay which she may have overlooked: "Fanaticism, violence and cruelty are not, of course, unique in human history. But . . . such frenzies and mass emotions *could* [once] be displaced, symbolized, drained away and dispersed through religious devotion and practice . . . Ideology fuses these energies and channels them into politics."

That Inquisitors have used religious emotion for domination (and have betrayed Christianity) is an obvious fact. That wars of religions have been cruel and bloody is equally obvious. But there were also many possibilities of retreat, devotion, membership in orders (mendicant or work), and joy in belief. But the chief point that I was trying to make is that each historical period has different ways of mobilizing "emotional energies." In our time the passions of ideology have replaced the passions of religion. Although the frenzies of the *religious* could be extreme, the frenzy of the *institutionalized* Church was less so. In our own time there seem to have been fewer restraints, institutional and otherwise, in the death camps, terrorism, self-abasement through 'confessions' and the like; and this lack of restraint results when one's personal defenses against the fear of death are drawn from the "immortality" of a race, or of a Party, and the identification of the *Fuehrer* and the *Vozhd* with the race or the Party.

POETRY AND PAPERBACKS

BABETTE DEUTSCH

II

In the preface to his anthology of French verse, an own-wayish selection in hard covers, André Gide relates an anecdote about a Cambridge luncheon at which he was seated next to A. E. Housman. Not feeling at home in English and uncertain of Housman's familiarity with French, Gide, although he had recently read and admired *A Shropshire Lad*, said nothing to his neighbor. For what seemed to him an interminable time neither addressed the other, and the silence was becoming intolerable when Housman, turning to him abruptly, asked in impeccable French: "How do you explain, M. Gide, that there is no French poetry?" As Gide hesitated, Housman continued: "England has her poetry, Germany has her poetry, Italy has her poetry. France has no poetry . . ." adding, after a moment: "Oh, I know very well, you have had Villon, Baudelaire . . ." "You might add Verlaine," contributed Gide. To this Housman assented, yet insisted that between Villon and Baudelaire one might find verse displaying wit, eloquence, virulence, and pathos, but never poetry—and, after a little further interchange, demanded: "But first, what is poetry?"

The question is one that the paperback translations help to answer in a unique fashion. Coleridge said truly that a poem is "untranslatable into words of the same language without injury to the meaning." Translation into the words of a foreign language, even by a skilled hand, is therefore apt to deal the meaning a mortal wound. Because the meaning of a poem exceeds the prose sense by as much as the work is poetry, there is need for several versions to be compared and contrasted, especially with the aid of a literal prose rendering, and—as does not always obtain—with the original *en face* or, less conveniently, appended to the translated text. All this gives the reader at worst some awareness of what he is missing, and he may want to explore further, since in any case he gets an oblique glimpse of the qualities of the original. The effect is something like a group of pictures of the poet by various portraitists, a little gallery that by its very diversity brings certain of his essential traits to life. And this is a gallery that the impecunious can afford to build.

To judge by the paucity of translations of French poets before Baudelaire, there seems to be general agreement with Housman's verdict. Nevertheless, a most attractive paperback, physically as well as otherwise, is Morris Bishop's *Ronsard, Prince of Poets*, a work enlivened by the biographer's version of many lyrics, which bear happy comparison with the originals. It is, of course, a commonplace that Baudelaire and his successors are among the ancestors of many, if not most, versemen writing in English today. Two illustrative collections are available, one called *An Anthology of French Poetry* from Nerval to Valéry, edited by Angel Flores, the englishing done by several hands, the other entitled simply *French Symbolist Poetry* and covering the same period. Here the reader is confronted by fewer poets, each of whom is represented by fewer poems, but the English versions, all done by C. F. MacIntyre, are sometimes superior to those in the more extensive collection. The same indefatigable translator is responsible for a separate volume devoted to the ghost who haunts Eliot's fourth Quartet, he whose "concern was speech, and speech impelled . . . /To purify the dialect of the tribe./And urge the mind to aftersight and foresight": Stéphane Mallarmé. And there are other englishings of French verse which, if they are not, all of them, giving aid and comfort to the shade of Gide, at least testify to the permanence of our interest in that verse.

Spanish poetry receives considerable attention, partly perhaps because of the delight that Federico Garcia Lorca has afforded all who know his tender and terrible lyrics. His work does not fall within the compass of a thick volume called *Ten Centuries of Spanish Poetry*, edited by Eleanor L. Trumbull, who brings it to a close with the generation of 1898. The last poet in the collection is therefore the Nobel prizewinner, Juan Ramón Jiménez [FORUM, Winter 1957], who died in exile. A fuller representation of his lyrics, in more acceptable versions, together with a selection from his prose writings, is also available. The publishers of these volumes, the Grove Press, have paid tribute to Lorca, too, by issuing an account of his work by Arturo

Barea that includes literal versions of several poems, as well as Ben Belitt's sensitive rendering of *Poet in New York*. The first group of poems here, written in the desperate summer, fall, and winter of 1929 and 1930, is called "Poems of Solitude at Columbia University". As Angel del Rio's introduction plainly states: "The book is not so much an impression of New York as it is an indictment of modern civilization." Its fierceness, its anguish, is that of a poet's indictment. Two of Lorca's lyrics are among the *Thirty Spanish Poems of Love and Exile* freely rendered by Kenneth Rexroth for the Pocket Poets Series. When William Carlos Williams gave a reading of his own work for the Writers Club at Columbia, he prefaced it by reciting one of these. The gusto with which he uttered the refrain: "Ha, Love, /Under the orange blossoms!" brought down the house.

A number of admirable books had not been issued a year ago, when I was asked to compile a list of poetry titles purchasable for ten dollars. Among the more recent are many by the divergent poets of the younger generation, as well as foreign classics and contemporary works in translations of varying excellence. As I made my embarrassing choices, the composite face of my imaginary reader kept changing. This, as well as the limited sum he had to spend, was partly responsible for the compiler's sins of commission and omission. There were, of course, certain titles about which I had no doubts, though the edition chosen was sometimes a compromise with economy. One of my guiding principles was Saintsbury's opinion that chairs of literature might be abolished, provided the proceeds of their disestablishment went to provide every university student with a copy of the *Biographia Literaria*. A volume of Coleridge's prose and poetry was therefore a *sine qua non*. But what of the co-author of the *Lyrical Ballads*? I consoled myself for his absence from the list by the reflection that intimacy with Coleridge must kindle the desire to be on more familiar terms with Wordsworth, perhaps in the volume edited by Mark Van Doren. One of the titles passed over was the *Poems and Essays* of John Crowe Ransom, selected, edited, and arranged by the author. The prose seemed too special in its concerns for the untutored. But I omitted the book with more than a twinge of regret, for Ransom's criticism unites perceptiveness with a shining courtesy, as his poetry unites wit with a keen tenderness. If his work is caviar to the general, the existence of this paperback, a Vintage book, attests the expectation that the general will learn to like caviar. *Sit omen*.

A title about which I had no hesitation was *An Introduction to Haiku* by Harold G. Henderson. Thanks to Mr. Henderson, an increasing number of people are coming to know a good deal more about the *haiku* than that it is an evocative three-line poem in seventeen syllables. In some ways it appears to resemble a Japanese garden: there is the same strict economy miraculously producing a union of formality, grace, and proliferative symbolism. Japan's cultural conquest of America is unlikely to result in an enthusiasm for such verse that

(Continued on page 56)

Columbia

CHRONICLE

A concise review
of recent news from
Columbia University

The four years of a liberal arts college education have grown too short to accommodate the increase in human knowledge in the last fifty years—and this “may prove very healthy” suggested John G. Palfrey, Dean of Columbia College, in his annual report to President Kirk this winter. Colleges will have to decide what is most important in substance and in the training of an intellect capable of coping with a bewildering, complex, and rapidly changing environment. To provide a base in science, mathematics and foreign languages, a greater overlap of high school and college work in these subjects will have to be encouraged. Dean Palfrey also foresaw a return to the concentration on capacity, rigor and discipline characteristic of education in the nineteenth century.

Dr. Maurice Ewing, geophysicist, oceanographer, and director of the Lamont Geological Observatory, this spring was the first recipient of the Vetlesen Prize for “Achievement in the Sciences of the Earth and the Universe,” a prize recently established at Columbia by the G. Unger Vetlesen Foundation. The award

will be made every two years; it consists of a gold medal, \$25,000, and support of publication of the recipient's scientific papers. The late Mr. Vetlesen had at one time been an owner of the three-masted schooner *Vema*, now owned by Columbia University and on its sixteenth voyage for the Lamont Observatory.

President Eisenhower has appointed Dr. Henry M. Wriston, president of The American Assembly and former president of Brown University, to head his eleven-man Commission on National Goals. The Commission will work through the American Assembly, an adjunct of the University which regularly brings together prominent American citizens to discuss national issues. Mr. Eisenhower founded the Assembly in 1950 while president of Columbia.

The founder and president of the Chock Full O' Nuts Corporation and the Parkinson's Disease Foundation, William Black, '26, has given the University five million dollars—the largest single gift ever given to Columbia by a living person—toward the construction of an eighteen-story medical research building. The new edifice will be built at 168th Street and Fort Washington Avenue, as part of the Medical Center. One floor of the building, to be called the Jean and William Black Medical Research Building, will be reserved for research in Parkinson's disease.

The result of the 1960 presidential election will be decided almost solely by Democratic voters willing to forego their accustomed party affiliation in order to keep the status quo. So said associate professor of government Richard E. Neustadt in a talk at the fourteenth annual Columbia College Dean's Day this winter. He further asserted that voters and politicians in general are unwilling to face the key problems of the next decade—taxation, foreign aid, civil rights—which might split voting constituencies and parties, and that consequently, party voting, not issues, will determine the election.

On the same occasion, the University's vice provost for projects and grants, Ralph S. Halford, said that in the last fiscal year one-third

of Columbia's expenditures were in federal funds—not including construction money or awards made as fellowships, scholarships, or student loans. Dr. Halford added that if trends characteristic of the last ten years continue, federal contributions might easily equal two-thirds of the University's budget before long.

An International Fellows Program will be opened at Columbia this fall to qualified male students who plan careers in government service, international trade and finance, teaching, or other professions touching international affairs. All Fellows will devote one summer of intensive study at Columbia to one of the major areas of the world and will meet weekly on campus throughout the rest of the academic year.

Sailing from Brazil to Africa late this winter on their current twelve-month trip, Columbia University scientists aboard the *Vema* discovered a submerged, cone-shaped “island”—in geological terminology, a seamount—550 miles off the Cape of Good Hope, and then went on, around the Cape, to gauge a deep crack in the Indian Ocean bed, a crack that connects with similar ones in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

The coral-and-kelp covered seamount is thirty-five miles across at its base and about five miles wide at the top and rises 15,980 feet from the ocean floor, higher than California's Mt. Whitney. Its shape, a good indication that the seamount is an extinct volcano, and its location, about 150 miles west of a similar formation, suggest that a new line of ancient volcanic activity has been found. About ten thousand years ago, before the melting of glacial ice changed the world's sea level, the seamount probably stood well above the ocean's surface; now it lies 210 feet below the sea.

In the Indian Ocean the *Vema*'s scientists took soundings confirming their prediction that the Mid-Ocean Ridge, a 45,000 mile-long mound with a crack in its crest, is continuous around five continents. This great crack, discovered a few years ago, is a youthful, geological feature still in process of change; it follows a world-wide earthquake zone ex-

tending the entire length of the North and South Atlantic Oceans, into the Indian Ocean, through the Arabian Sea, connecting with the African Rift Valleys. Another branch passes between Antarctica and New Zealand, running toward the Macquarie Islands into the Pacific Ocean, where it branches again near Easter Island. The northern branch continues toward the Gulf of California, and the rift passes from Cape Medocino, California, toward Lynn Channel, Alaska. The Vema crossed the Indian Ocean crack six times, recording its depth. The lip of the crack ranges from about a mile to approximately two miles below the surface of the ocean, and its bottom from two to three miles below the surface. The width of the crack goes from one to five miles at the bottom, and from four to twenty miles at the top. Dr. Maurice Ewing, director of Columbia's Lamont Geological Observatory, said that the rift's continuation into the Indian Ocean makes less plausible the simple theory of continental drift—that America, Europe, and Africa were once united but have gradually been separated by the Atlantic Ocean. "But," he said, "this pattern seems clear: the ridge and rift system in general bisect each ocean basin or tend to follow the median line between the continents on both sides of an ocean basin." These findings, he believes, may help to determine the origin of the major surface features of the earth and changes that have taken place in its geological history.

• Allan Nevins, in the preface to his book *The Gateway of History*, published in 1938, lamented the lack of "An organization which made a systematic attempt to obtain, from the lips and papers of living Americans who have led significant lives, a fuller record of their participation in the political, economic, and cultural life of the last sixty years." Ten years later the idea crystallized: Professor Nevins conducted the first interview for Columbia's Oral History Research Office, established under a grant from the Edgar A. Bancroft Foundation. Now financed jointly by the University (through the Bancroft Fund) and the Carnegie Corporation, and directed

by Louis M. Starr, the Office adds ten to twenty thousand pages of transcribed, tape-recorded interviews with noted Americans to its collection annually. The Office's first catalogue, issued this winter, lists over 750 interviews, including interviews with John L. Lewis, Walter Lippmann, Maxwell Anderson, Herbert Hoover, Judge Learned Hand, and Mary Pickford.

• A group of archaeologists and anthropologists from Columbia University and the Smithsonian Institute plan to travel to Iraq this summer to collect further remains of Shanidar I, a Neanderthal man who died 46,000 years ago, presumably in an earthquake that buried him under tons of rocks and earth. Parts of the postcranial skeleton of Shanidar I were left behind in 1957 when he was found along with three other crushed, but well-preserved Neanderthal skeletons. The group also plans to dig at the nearby early village of Zawi Chemi Shanidar, which they believe may hold objects characteristic of the period when man began to vary hunting and foraging with primitive farming.

• Contrary to many scientists' beliefs, bacteria carried to the moon by rocket ships could very likely survive its intense, dry heat, according to Dr. Stephen Zamenhof and Dr. Sheldon B. Greer of Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons. Their experiments have shown that many bacteria can withstand temperatures of up to 275 degrees Fahrenheit in a vacuum—63 degrees above the normal boiling point of water at sea level.

• Almost half a million pages from Japanese army-navy archives, revealing information on the origins of Communism in North Korea and China, the operation of the Japanese army and navy for nearly eighty years, the Chinese Boxer uprising, and much more have been microfilmed and opened to historians. The work was done by a group of scholars from Columbia, Georgetown, Harvard and Yale Universities and from the Library of Congress. The archives were seized by the United States Government at the end of

World War II. The microfilm has been placed in the Library of Congress and contains such items as intelligence reports on US preparations for landing in Japan on July 27, 1945, the official measures suggested by the Tokyo Metropolitan Police for suppressing pacifist appeals, and political activities within the Soviet Army during July 1939.

• A new degree, that of Nuclear Engineer, will be offered by the School of Engineering beginning with the 1960-1961 academic year. The N.E., more advanced than a Master of Science, but less rigorous than a doctorate, does not require a thesis if the student has already submitted one for a master's degree.

The School of Engineering has also received funds from the United States Atomic Energy Commission to expand its Nuclear Science and Engineering Program. The department plans to buy an ion accelerator and a multichannel analyzer for use with the atomic reactors now on campus, and a "creep and relaxation testing machine" to study the stretching of metal under high temperatures.

• The United States' preoccupation with Moscow in place of a more relevant concern with the non-communist underdeveloped areas of the world—"where the crucial battle between communism and free institutions will be fought"—was criticized this winter by a group of experts on Soviet affairs from Columbia and Harvard Universities. In their special study of foreign policy presented to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, the group emphasized that the Soviet Union's industrial and military strength is growing so rapidly that she is now able to give more and more economic aid to underdeveloped countries. To match this drive the United States must spend more for foreign economic aid as well as for arms, scientific and military research, missile and outer space programs, and "the social sector of our economy, including schools and roads." But this can only be done, the group concluded, if the public will understand and support heavy costs and sacrifices "without the stimulation of crises or bellicos-

The current cost of a Columbia education

The cost of higher education at Columbia will be higher this September when faculty members' salaries and students' tuition charges go up.

Minimum salary levels for instructors will be raised (by \$500) to \$5,500; for assistant professors (by \$1,000) to \$6,500; for associate professors (by \$1,500) to \$8,000; and for full professors (by \$1,000) to \$11,000.

Tuition will increase as follows: Columbia College and undergraduate School of Engineering students will pay \$1,450 yearly in tuition and fees; charges in General Studies and the Program in the Arts will be \$1,200, plus an \$80 fee, for full-program students; the cost for part-time students at G.S. will rise from \$37 to \$40 per point; the Schools of Medicine and Public Health will charge \$1,350 tuition plus a \$100 fee; the graduate schools of Journalism, Architecture, Business, and Dental and Oral Surgery will charge \$1,300 plus a \$100 fee; the School of Law will increase its charges (by \$150) to \$1,250; the New York School of Social Work will charge \$1,050 plus a \$50 fee; and the Graduate Faculties, School of International Affairs, Graduate School of Engineering, and

School of Library Service will charge \$1,200 plus a \$100 fee. Barnard will raise its tuition to \$1,350.

New fees will also be levied on M.A. and Ph.D. candidates, designed to repay the University for "instructional and supervisory costs of research." All doctoral degree candidates entering for the first time in September 1959 or later will be charged \$500, excepting candidates for the Doctor of Judicial Science degree, who will be exempt, and students in the New York School of Social Work, who will be charged \$100. The fee for master's degree candidates will depend on the amount of time a student spends as a candidate for the degree and will be levied on those enrolling for the first time in September 1960 or thereafter who do not complete all requirements within three terms of work. Those who are finished in three calendar years will be charged \$250, all others \$375. These fees apply only to master's degree candidates in the Graduate Faculties, the Schools of Law, Engineering, Library Service, Public Health, Nursing, and the Program in the Arts.

ity, without wild alternations between optimism and pessimism."

Amherst College in Massachusetts has recruited its second president in a row from Columbia University. In June, Dr. Calvin Hastings Plimpton, associate professor of clinical medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, will assume the presidency vacated by Charles W. Cole, professor of history at Columbia until 1946. Both Dr. Plimpton and Dr. Cole are alumni of Amherst and Columbia.

In sympathy with Southern Negro students staging lunch-counter sit-downs this winter, Columbia University students joined colleges all over the Northeast in picketing local dime stores. The students' battle for desegregation was supported at Columbia by the Columbia University Student Council.

It may well be that the earth's first living organisms arose from chemical elements affected by ultra-violet light from the sun and lightning, and to support further experiments testing this theory the National Science Foundation has awarded Columbia a \$19,000 grant. Dr. Stanley L. Miller of the College of Physicians and Surgeons has shown that amino acids—

the components of proteins, which are essential to living matter—can be synthesized by shooting simulated lightning bolts through a mixture of methane, ammonia, and water vapor, believed to have composed the atmosphere of the primitive earth. Dr. Miller will attempt to synthesize other organic compounds and investigate how they might combine to form more complex structures.

The new dean of Columbia's School of Architecture, Charles R. Colbert, has been granted a three-month leave of absence to inspect centers of architectural education in Europe and America before actively assuming his office on July 1. Dean Colbert, who received his Master's degree in architecture from Columbia in 1947, was a senior partner with a New Orleans architectural, design, and city-planning firm and has taught architecture at Tulane and Texas A. and M.

The relation between nervous tension and the onset of ulcers and other disorders of the stomach is being explored by Dr. Edmund N. Goodman at the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. Working on the premise that each organ in the body normally develops a characteristic, reproducible, electrical pattern

and that electrical impulses increase in the stomach when a person is emotionally or physically disturbed, Dr. Goodman and his associates believe they can chart the correlation between the electrical wave pattern and the onset of ulcers.

In hopes of alleviating New York City's daily transit congestion, Dr. Lawrence B. Cohen, associate professor of industrial and management engineering at Columbia, will direct a project studying the feasibility of staggering the working hours of the city's citizens. As things are, more than half the passengers of the city's transit facilities travel during two brief periods, leaving the system working far below capacity the rest of the day. New York City and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund have awarded \$100,000 each for the study.

In a recent survey of Columbia's first freshman engineering class (since 1915) three-quarters of the freshmen listed the School of Engineering's liberal arts courses as among its chief attractions. The School requires a minimum of thirty-two points in humanities and social studies. In the words of Wesley J. Hennessy, associate dean of the faculty of engineering, "Professional engi-

neering implies more than technical competence. It implies an awareness of one's responsibility to his community, his profession and himself. It would be improper to award a professional degree without a general education background."

• While student and faculty groups on campus protested the loyalty oath and disclaimer affidavit of the National Defense Education Act loan program, the University announced this winter that it would continue to accept the funds the Act makes available but that Columbia officials would work for elimination of the controversial affidavit. Several colleges and universities in the United States—including Barnard College—have refused to apply for NDEA loans because of the loyalty affidavit.

• Mark Van Doren, Pulitzer Prize poet and professor emeritus of English at Columbia University, turned over nearly 20,000 papers—his original manuscripts, notes, typescripts, galleys, letters, and annotated printed books—to the University this winter. The papers, gathered by Professor Van Doren during the past thirty-five years and filling seventeen file boxes, will be placed in the Special Collections Library.

• Columbia scientists will continue studying air wave movements under a new grant from the National Science Foundation. The study and recording of air movements, including those emanating from nuclear blasts, supported originally by the Research Corporation and later incorporated into the International Geophysical Year program in 1957-1958, is expected to reveal new data about the physical properties of the upper air and the structure of the atmosphere.

• The lower East Side of Manhattan has been invaded by a research team from the New York School of Social Work's Research Center. The team, working with a local group, Mobilization for Youth, Inc., under a grant from the U.S. Public Health Service, will study the neighborhood and plan a program to prevent delinquency, to be carried out in the fall of 1961. This second stage of the

program will involve the active participation of voluntary and public agencies, churches, schools, business, labor, and civic groups.

• Columbia's new Law School building, at 117th Street and Amsterdam Avenue is expected to open this fall. The Law School is the first new structure of a proposed "superblock" that will eventually be connected to the main campus by a bridge over Amsterdam Avenue.

• James T. Shotwell, historian and Columbia professor emeritus, recently marked his 86th year with the publication of a 640-page work, *The Long Way To Freedom*. A specialist in international affairs, Dr. Shotwell participated in the founding of the United Nations and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. His 85th birthday was observed this winter at a luncheon at the Carnegie Endowment Center. Dr. Shotwell taught history at Columbia for forty-two years and is now working on his autobiography.

• "Every student shall constantly attend . . . prayers, and at such stated hours as the President shall think fit; and those that absent themselves, shall for every offense be fined 2 pence; and one Penny for not coming in Time." So reads one of President Samuel Johnson's twenty-six strict laws for students of Kings College as laboriously copied in brown ink two hundred years ago by John Jay. This, the only known student copy of the laws, joins the 5,000 other Jay items in the Columbia Special Collections Libraries brought to light since the great search for Jay's papers began. These include the only known existing drafts of the Federalist letters—No. 5 and a photocopy of No. 64, both written by Jay—and a manuscript conveyance from certain Indians to one Caleb Heathcote in 1701, the legal base for future claims by Jay's family and others to Scarsdale Manor (now Westchester County).

As of last December, it was estimated that the Jay project had collected photocopies of over 6,000 items from libraries and other sources here and in Europe. The secret archives of the Vatican, for

example, have yielded reports revealing *de facto* relations between the official Vatican representative and the American peace commissioners, one of whom was Jay, in Paris—indicating the Vatican's recognition of the new revolutionary United States Government. Richard B. Morris, Gouverneur Morris Professor of History at Columbia, who is directing the enterprise, said that so far the Jay project "is giving new insight on the role of the United States [in its first appearance] as an independent nation among world powers."

• Many Columbia faculty members' names were among the 102 revealed as jurors on the Pulitzer Prize Juries in Letters, Drama and Music from 1917 to 1958. These included: Harry J. Carman, Henry Cowell, Robert Gorham Davis, Gilbert Highet, Joseph Wood Krutch, Paul Henry Lang, Otto Luening, Willard Rhodes, Maurice J. Valeney, and the late Mary M. (Mrs. Padraic) Colum, Irwin Edman and John Erskine.

• The New York Historical Society will receive an honored guest if Matilda's corpse is laid to rest there as planned. Matilda, a goat beloved by Columbia students since the early part of the century, when she was a resident of Patrick Riley's farm at Amsterdam Avenue and 120th Street and the center of innumerable student pranks, was stuffed and placed in honor in a local drugstore on her death in 1914. The occasion was solemnized by an academic procession in cap and gown and memorialized in a song entitled "A Harlem Goat." In 1956 she was the heroine of a book that claimed she had, on one occasion, saved the Columbia football team by butting an inattentive backfield man. Students have petitioned the University to keep the material remains of Matilda, now that the drugstore is going out of business. Indications are that she will revert to the New York Historical Society, however.

• Visiting speakers on campus this winter included—on separate occasions—Pierre Mendes France, Dore Schary, Barbara Ward, and Enid Starkie.

The Editors of the
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FORUM
are pleased to announce the establishment of
the COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FORUM FUND

The COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FORUM, written by and for Columbia people, is sent without charge to all alumni of the University who wish to receive it. In order to receive the FORUM it is not necessary to pay dues to any alumni organization. The FORUM requires no subscription and contains no advertising, and the costs of the magazine are met from the general funds of the University and by individual gifts.

The Editors of the magazine and the University Trustees are pleased to note that the amount of these voluntary contributions has justified the establishment of a special FORUM fund. More often than not, these contributions have been accompanied by letters expressing a reader's gratitude for a University magazine that deals in a university's proper currency—facts and opinions—and one that addresses its audience as educated men and women.

This response prompts the Editors to suggest that appreciative readers may wish to make an annual contribution to the support of the magazine. Even a small gift from each reader would make it possible for the University to devote the funds now used for the FORUM to perennial educational needs—salaries for faculty members, books for the library and scholarships for students.

Gifts for the support of the FORUM should be addressed to the Columbia University Forum Fund, Haskell Hall, 605 West 115th Street, New York 25, N. Y. All such gifts are tax-deductible.

In making this announcement, the Editors would like to record their gratitude to all those readers whose comprehension of the magazine's purposes and whose appreciation of the work of its distinguished authors have prompted them to make a voluntary gift in support of the FORUM.

Levering Tyson
Chairman, Publication Board

Send change of address to Columbia University Forum, Haskell Hall, 605 West 119th St., New York 25, N.Y.

(Continued from page 50)

would allow here, as there, the existence of some fifty periodicals devoted to it, with perhaps over a million examples published every month. Even in one not-too-ample collection, the repeated pattern, the recurrence of certain allusions, make for monotony. This is relieved to a degree in the present volume by the translator's commentary. Moreover, the reader can compare the verse translation with a literal one, and both with the transliterated Japanese. It is as if a sensitive, learned guide were taking one cherry-blossom-viewing and snow-viewing.

A recent paperback by a less scrupulous scholar who happens to be a notable poet, Ezra Pound, takes the reader on a far more extensive journey. He calls the book *The Confucian Odes*, because the sage emphatically recommended the study of the 300 "odes" which for centuries have been fundamental to Chinese culture. I find the rendering of certain pieces by other hands more effective than Pound's would-be colloquial versions. His rhymes tend to be painfully obtrusive, his cadences are sometimes oddly jerky, and his freedoms verge on license, not always poetic. The collection is nevertheless of durable interest. The small but wide-ranging volume of his own *Selected Poems* contains more lyrical translations from Li Po and others, made by the same hand years ago.

The effect of all these translations is not merely a matter of substance but of tone. Herein, of course, lies the essence of every form of communication, but particularly in the arts. Among the poetry paperbacks something more than the contents of the volume gives the tone. It is, naturally, influenced by the format. And in attractiveness the paperbacks rival the hard cover books. Except for certain textbook editions, none recall the uniformity of the old Tauchnitz yellowbacks, which formerly proffered the European traveler diversion from overly rhetorical scenery or the unreadable faces of the other persons in his compartment. And even the textbook editions are not always, like the Tauchnitz volumes, designed to be read and discarded, but, like the Modern Library College Editions, are made for a hardy life. Sturdiness is a feature of the best paperbacks, but that is not what chiefly distinguishes them. These little books are a far cry from the heavy solemnity of the gilded leatherbound tomes that were the riches of my grandfather's library and some of which form part of my own. And though I want hard covers for the works of those poets to whom I turn oftenest, whenever possible I am glad to have them paperbound as well, so that I may carry them about readily. Another appeal that they make is by way of their covers, which are apt to be designed with a feeling for the character of the contents that is a fresh reminder of the *rapprochement* between painter and poet. Even when these books have grave things to say, their appearance may be a reminder of Yeats's sages staring "on all the tragic scene," listening to "mournful melodies," and that

Their eyes, 'mid many wrinkles, their eyes,

Their ancient, glittering eyes, are gay.

If I rejoice with the rest of the world in the paperbacks, I do so especially because I care about poetry. They not only make it accessible. They declare how festive it can be.

An alumna of Barnard College and Columbia University, Babette Deutsch's most recent book is *Coming of Age: New & Selected Poems*. This installment concludes her two-part commentary on paperbound poetry, which began in the Winter 1960 COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FORUM.

